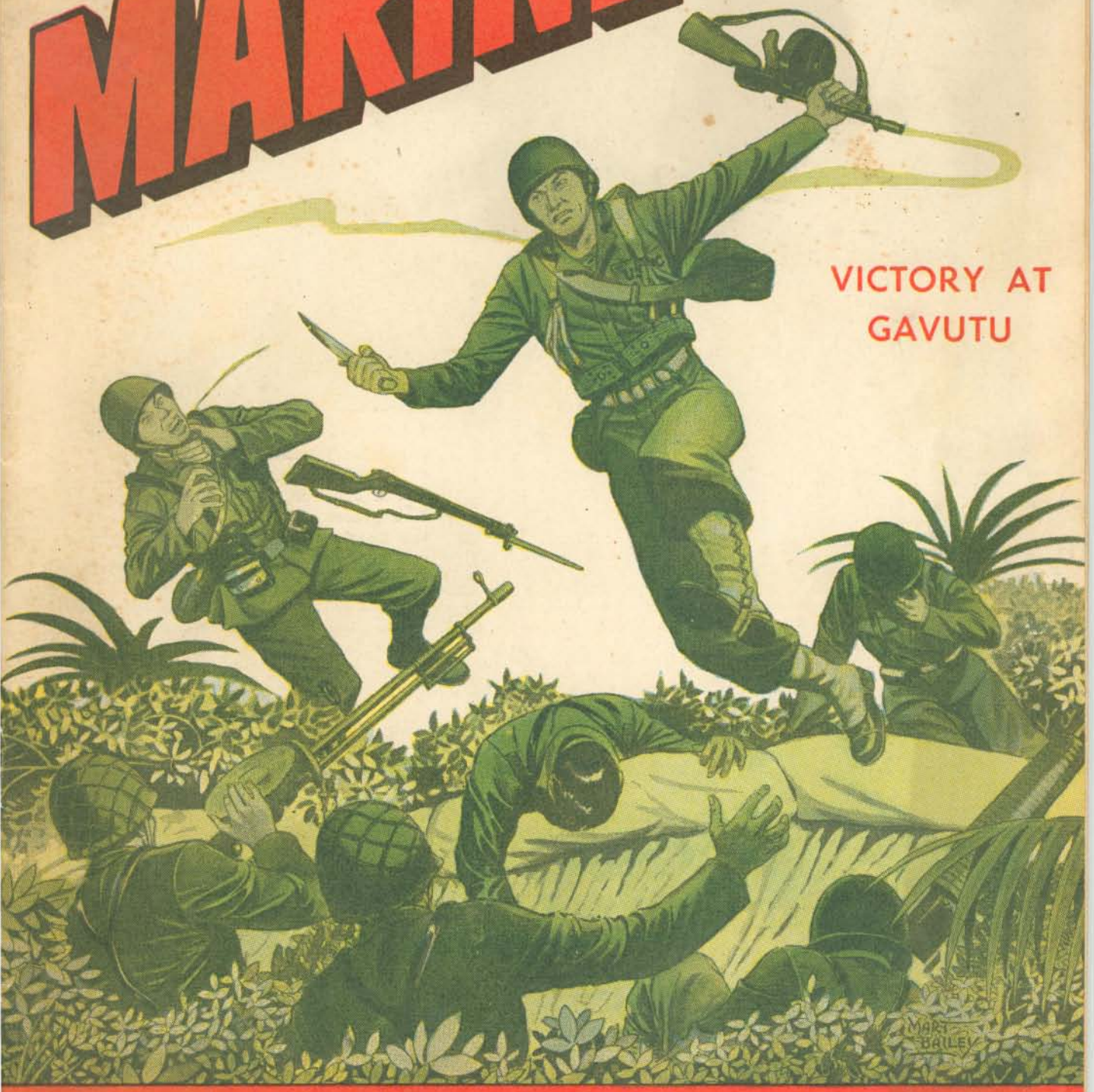
★ AUTHENTIC U. S. MARINE CORPS PICTURE STORIES ★

THE UNITED STATES MARINES

10c

15c IN CANADA



VICTORY AT GAVUTU

HELLCAT OUT OF HEAVEN ★ JOHNNY DEVILDOG ★ SAGA OF THE SOLOMONS ★ BIRTH OF THE MARINES

TROPHIES OF WAR

Japanese implements of war, captured on Guadalcanal, are proudly exhibited by bearded Marine Private Frank Massaro, of Edgewater, N. J. The grotesque looking faces behind the Leatherneck are Nipponese gas masks, and the flag in his hand is a Japanese marine emblem.

VINCENT SULLIVAN, Editor

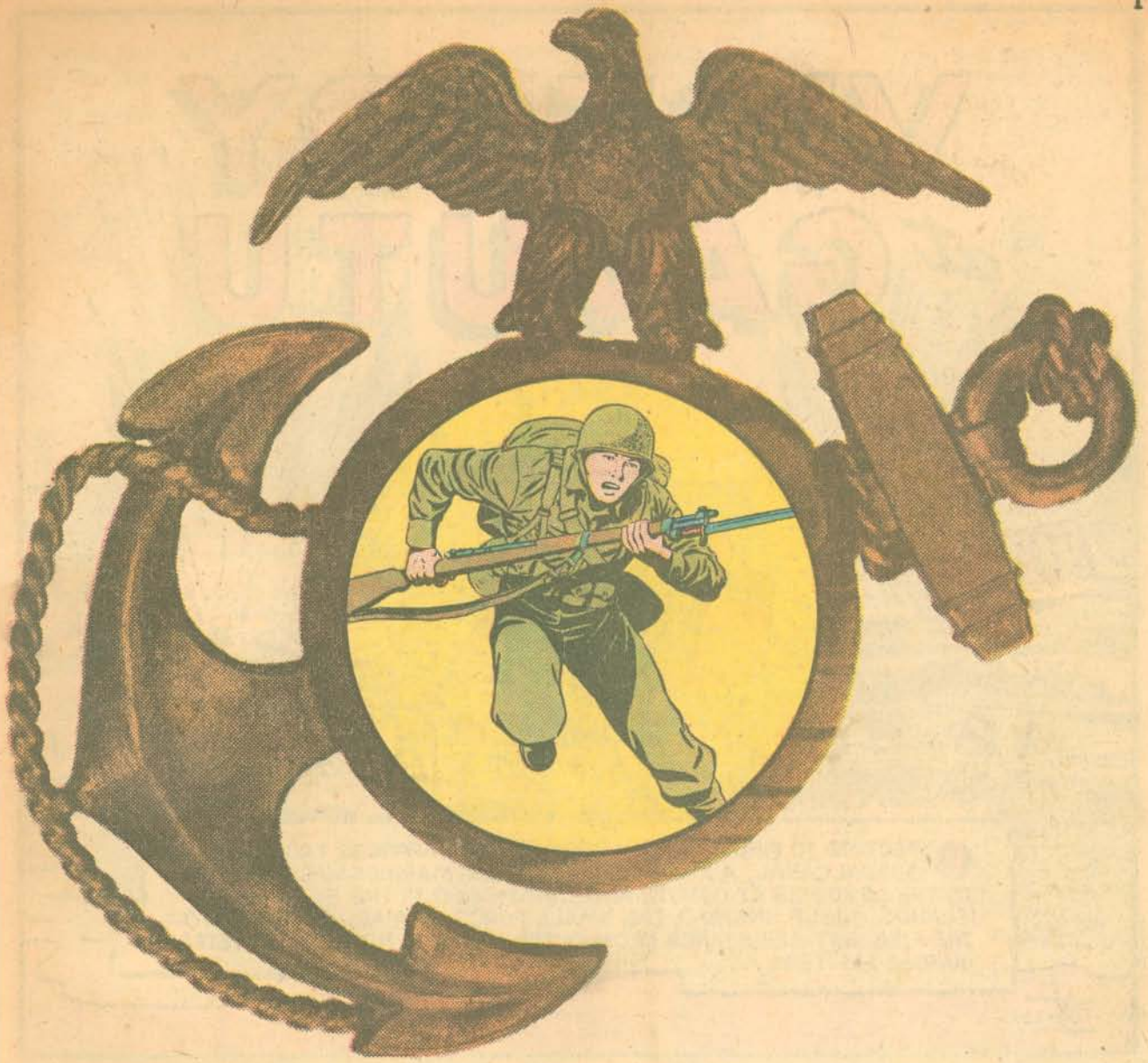
Associates: MARTIN BAILEY, THOMAS DeANGELO, CREIG FLESSEL and RAYMOND KRANK

CONTENTS

Dedication ..... Page 1
Victory At Gavutu 2
Birth Of The Marines 8
Monte Zuma & Trip O'Lee 13
Hellcat Out Of Heaven 17
Battle Of The Ditch 24
Wildcat In The Sky 27
The Marines Have Landed! 28
Saga Of The Solomons 30
This Is The Enemy! 40
The Cliffs Of Viru 41
"Guadalcanal Diary" Preview 45
The Slaphappy Japs 48
Johnny Devildog 50

The contents of this publication have been reviewed and cleared by the U. S. Marine Corps. All photographs used, with the exception of those on pages 45, 46 and 47, are official photographs from the U. S. Marine Corps.

THE UNITED STATES MARINES is published with the cooperation of the U. S. Marine Corps by MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, 369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. **Entire contents copyrighted 1943 by MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES. Printed in the U. S. A.**



TO THE MEN of the United States Marine Corps everywhere, who for the past 168 years have been and are continuing to add to the volumes of American History innumerable chapters of traditional bravery and patriotism—to these Marines in all parts of the world this effort is humbly dedicated.

We wish to express our appreciation to Brigadier General Robert L. Denig, Director of the Division of Public Relations, U. S. Marine Corps, to Captain Norman White and to Lieutenant Burns Lee for their kind assistance in making this publication possible.

VICTORY at GAVUTU

EXPECTING TO FIND THE MAIN BODY OF THE JAPANESE TROOPS AT GUADALCANAL, A MERE FISTFUL OF U.S. MARINES WAS ASSIGNED TO THE LANDINGS AT GAVUTU AND TANAMBOGO IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS GROUP. INSTEAD, THE SMALL FORCE OF MARINES RAN INTO THE FIERCEST RESISTANCE FROM OVERWHELMING NUMBERS OF VETERAN JUNGLE FIGHTERS....

MART O'BAILEY

OVER THE SIDE, FELLOWS —
DON'T TREAD ON THE TAIL OF ME COAT!

NOT A SHOT YET — WE MUST HAVE TAKEN THEM BY SURPRISE!
MAYBE NOBODY'S HOME.

SNIPERS!
BETTER THAN A HOT SHORE BATTERY — GET GOING!

THE JAPS ARE AWAKE NOW — THERE GO THE SHORE BATTERIES!

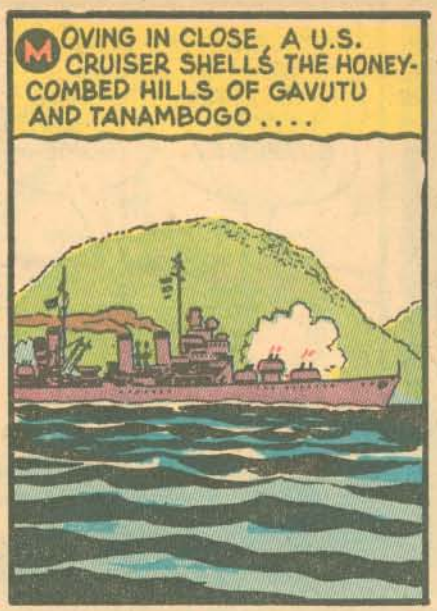
THE SECOND AND THIRD WAVES OF MARINES REEL, BUT COME IN UNDER THE MERCILESS POUNDING....

THE TERRIFIC JAP SHELLING RAKES THE BEACH AND THE LANDING BARGES....

ON THE OPEN, BULLET-SWEPT BEACH, FATHER JAMES J. FITZGERALD ADMINISTERS TO THE DEAD, THE DYING, AND THE WOUNDED...

WHILE FROM PALM TREES AND CAVES DUG IN GAVUTU HILL STREAMS A CONTINUOUS, MURDEROUS CROSS FIRE....

THE NIPS CAN HOLD OUT FOREVER IN THOSE CAVES.
THEY WON'T.... CALL IN THE NAVY TO LAY DOWN ANOTHER BARRAGE....

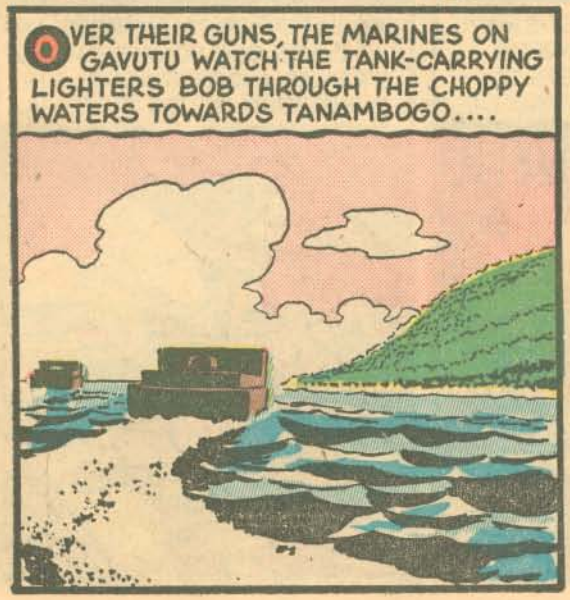

MOVING IN CLOSE, A U.S. CRUISER SHELLS THE HONEY-COMBED HILLS OF GAVUTU AND TANAMBOGO....

THE TINY ISLANDS APPEAR TO DISINTEGRATE UNDER THE NAVAL BOMBARDMENT...

BUT WHEN THE SHELLING CEASES, THE CRACKLE OF RIFLES, MACHINE-GUNS, AND AUTOMATIC RIFLES RESUMES FROM THE DEEP CAVES.

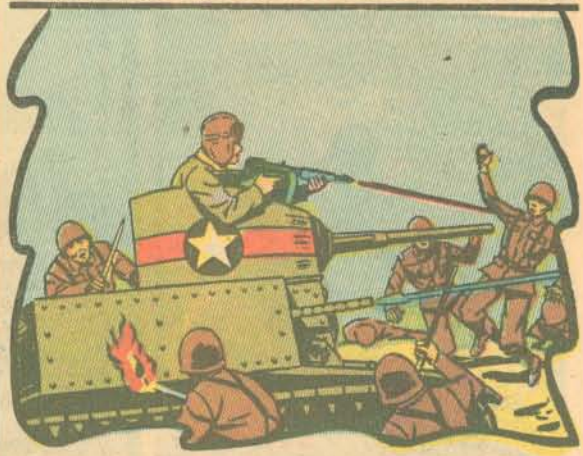
MOST OF THAT FIRING IS COMING FROM TANAMBOGO, ACROSS THE CAUSEWAY.
WE MIGHT DRAW THE JAPS OUT WITH A FEINT ON THE FLANK — AND THEN SMASH THEM WITH A DIRECT ASSAULT.

I'VE A COUPLE OF TANKS, SIR. I'D LIKE A CRACK AT THAT FLANK ATTACK.
FINE, CAPTAIN SWEENEY! GOOD LUCK!


OVER THEIR GUNS, THE MARINES ON GAVUTU WATCH THE TANK-CARRYING LIGHTERS BOB THROUGH THE CHOPPY WATERS TOWARDS TANAMBOGO....

THE LIGHTERS HIT THE TANAMBOGO BEACH — AND TWO OR THREE HUNDRED JAPS POUR DOWN THE HILLSIDE AS THE TANKS STORM ASHORE....

FANATICALLY THE JAPS SWARM AROUND AND OVER THE TANKS ... BEATING UPON THE ARMOR WITH FISTS AND KNIVES... JAMMING CROWBARS INTO THE TREADS ... HEAVING GRENADES AND FLAMING GASOLINE TORCHES



FIRING FROM AN OPEN HATCH, A TANK COMMANDER KILLS TWENTY-THREE JAPS BEFORE HE IS KNIFED TO DEATH ... THE JAP DEAD PILE HIGH ON THE BEACH ... ONLY ONE MARINE ESCAPES ALIVE....

MEANWHILE, OTHER MARINES FROM GAVUTU CHARGE ACROSS THE CAUSEWAY...

AND CAPTURE THE PILLBOXES THAT COMMAND IT....

A FEW JAPS CLOSE IN FOR BLOODY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING .... NOT A MARINE LOSES HIS LIFE TO A JAP BAYONET....

BUT MOST OF THE JAPS RETREAT TO THE CAVES, FROM WHICH THEY CONTINUE THEIR DEADLY SNIPING....

NIGHT CAME WITH LASHING RAINS... DRIVEN BACK FROM TANAMBOGO, THE MARINES BATTLE STUBBORNLY ON GAVUTU....

DURING THE NIGHT, A VOICE SPEAKING PERFECT ENGLISH CALLS FOR THE CORPORAL OF THE GUARD.... WHEN THE MARINES RUSH OUT, SNIPERS SHOOT THEM DEAD....
SEVERAL HUNDRED JAPS SWIM INTO GAVUTU TO HARASS THE OUTNUMBERED AMERICANS....
IN ONE OF THE BATTERED BUILDINGS ALONG THE SHORE, DR. BURKE; DR. EISENBURG, AND DR. THORNE PERFORMED MIRACLES IN THE DARK UNDER CONSTANT SHELLING....
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT AND THE NEXT DAY THE FIGHTING RAGES FIERCELY....
IF THOSE MONKEYS WOULD COME OUT OF THE CAVES FOR JUST A MINUTE—
THE CAVES HAVE TO BE TAKEN ONE BY ONE WITH TNT!
COVER ME, JOE, WHILE I RUN OVER AND DELIVER THIS TO TOJO,— PARCEL POST!
YOOHOO, TOJO! HERE COMES THE MAIL!
MY! MY! NO WONDER THE POSTMAN ONLY RINGS ONCE!
CAPTAIN HAROLD L. TORGERSON ALONE BLASTED OVER FIFTY CAVES, USING TWENTY CASES OF DYNAMITE....

EVERY MARINE ON GAVUTU AND TANAMBOGO WAS A HERO.... THESE ARE ONLY A FEW....

CORP. RALPH W. FORDYCE WIPED OUT SIX JAP EMPLACEMENTS ...IN EACH WERE AT LEAST SIX JAPS....

P.F.C. RONALD A. BURDO CHARGED GAVUTU HILLTOP, SHOOTING AN AUTOMATIC RIFLE FROM HIS HIP AND KILLING EIGHT JAPS....

CORP. GEORGE F. GRADY CHARGED EIGHT JAPS ON GAVUTU HILL, MACHINE-GUNNING TWO, CLUBBING ONE, AND KNIFING TWO MORE BEFORE BEING KILLED HIMSELF....

THE NEXT NIGHT UNDER THE PROTECTION OF NAVAL FIRE, MARINE RAIDERS ATTEMPTED ANOTHER LANDING ON TANAMBOGO....

HOWEVER, ONLY TWO OF THE BARGES REACH SHORE....

A FREAK ACCIDENT CAUSES THE OTHERS TO TURN BACK WHEN THE COXSWAIN OF A LEADING BARGE IS KILLED AND HIS BOAT SPINS AROUND AND HEADS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION....

FOUR O'CLOCK THE FOLLOWING MORNING A LARGER FORCE SETS OUT AGAIN UNDER LT. COL. ROBERT G. HUNT....

THIS TIME NOTHING CAN STOP THE UNITED STATES MARINES. *THEY TAKE TANAMBOGO.*

THE JAPS LOST OVER 800 MEN, OF WHOM ONLY NINE WERE TAKEN PRISONER. A FEW ESCAPED TO FLORIDA ISLAND... OUR CASUALTIES WERE TWENTY-SEVEN KILLED AND FIFTY WOUNDED....

BIRTH OF THE MARINES

THE OLDEST KNOWN DOCUMENT IN AMERICAN MARINE HISTORY, A PAY ROLL DATED JULY, 1, 1775, CARRIES THE NAMES OF EIGHTEEN MEN WHO MADE UP THE MARINE GUARD OF THE TINY SLOOP **ENTERPRISE**, ONE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD'S MAKESHIFT FLEET WHICH WAS POUNDED TO PIECES BY BRITISH GUNS ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN IN OCT., 1776. BEATEN THE OUTNUMBERED AMERICANS WERE, BUT THEIR GALLANT HOLDING FIGHT PAVED THE WAY FOR THE DEFEAT OF BURGOYNE AT SARATOGA IN 1777.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS THE FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY. WHILE THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS HOTLY DEBATED AND TERMED THE CREATION OF A NAVY "THE MADDEST IDEA IN THE WORLD," WASHINGTON FITTED OUT A FLEET OF SIX SCHOONERS AND SENT THEM TO SEA . . .

BUT ON OCT. 18, 1775, THE BRITISH BURNED FALMOUTH (NOW CALLED PORTLAND), IN MAINE, AND THE CONGRESS AUTHORIZED THE BUILDING OF A FLEET . . .

...AND ON NOVEMBER 10, 1775, CONGRESS AUTHORIZED THE CREATION OF TWO BATTALIONS OF CONTINENTAL MARINES. THIS DATE HAS BEEN ACCEPTED AND CELEBRATED AS THE BIRTHDAY OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS.

ON JANUARY 2, 1776, LT. JOHN PAUL JONES RAISED THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG EVER TO FLY FROM A SHIP OF THE CONTINENTAL NAVY. THAT SHIP WAS THE **ALFRED**...

THE **ALFRED** AND FIVE OTHER SHIPS SAILED TO THE BAHAMAS, WHERE, ON MARCH 3, 1776, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, **U.S. MARINES LANDED AND GOT THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!**

IN THE TRAGIC WINTER OF 1776, THE MARINES WENT TO THE SUPPORT OF WASHINGTON'S DWINDLING, DISHEARTENED ARMY... TOOK PART IN THE MEMORABLE CROSSING OF THE DELAWARE...

2

EARLY MORNING, APRIL 23, 1778... CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES AND MARINES FROM THE SLOOP-OF-WAR **RANGER** RAIDED WHITEHAVEN, ON THE COAST OF ENGLAND!

ON THE NIGHT OF SEPT 23, 1779, A FAMOUS SEA BATTLE WAS FOUGHT, BETWEEN THE BRITISH FRIGATE **SERAPIS** AND JOHN PAUL JONES' LEAKY, WORM-EATEN, AND UNWIELDY **BON HOMME RICHARD**, A CONVERTED INDIAN MERCHANTMAN WHICH HAD BEEN CONDEMNED AS UNFIT TO SAIL ...

AS THE BON HOMME RICHARD OPENED FIRE, TWO OF HER ANTIQUATED CANNON EXPLODED, KILLING THE GUN CREWS!

THE HEAVIER-ARMED, SWIFTER SAILING **SERAPIS** BEGAN TO POUND THE **RICHARD** TO PIECES...

...UNTIL FINALLY, THE WILY JONES BROUGHT THE **RICHARD** IN CLOSE AND THREW GRAPNELS ABOARD THE **SERAPIS**!

3

BUT THE BRITISH SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY TO BOARD THE **RICHARD**!

AND THEN THE MARINES TOOK A HAND!
THEIR BOARDING PARTY TURNED BACK, THE BRITISH AGAIN OPENED UP WITH THEIR HEAVY CANNON, SHATTERING PRACTICALLY THE ENTIRE STARBOARD SIDE OF THE RICHARD...
TO HALT THIS DISASTROUS FIRE MARINES AND SAILORS OF THE RICHARD FOUGHT A BITTER AND NOVEL ACTION AGAINST THE BRITISH GUNNERS, PREVENTING THEM FROM CLEARING AND RELOADING THEIR PIECES...
MEANWHILE, ALOFT IN THE RICHARD'S FIGHTING-TOPS, MARINES WERE BUSY...
BUT THE PANIC-STRICKEN MEN ON THE RICHARD CRIED OUT TO SURRENDER, SHOUTING THAT THE SHIP WAS SINKING, AND THE BRITISH CAPTAIN PEARSON CALLED OUT: HAVE YOU SURRENDERED ?
NO! I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO FIGHT!
4

AND THE RICHARD'S MARINES, CRAWLING ALONG A PERILOUSLY SWAYING YARDARM OF THE SINKING SHIP, MADE GOOD THEIR CAPTAIN'S DEFIANT CLAIM!
AFTER SEVERAL TRIES, THE MARINES SUCCEEDED IN DROPPING ONE OF THE GRENADES THROUGH THE OPEN MAIN-HATCH OF THE SERAPIS INTO THE ENEMY'S GUN-DECK...
THE EXPLOSION OF THE GRENADE SET OFF POWDER CARTRIDGES STACKED BEHIND THE GUNS, AND A DEVASTATING BLAST DESTROYED THE ENTIRE BATTERY!
AND SO, NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, BEATEN BY THE FORTITUDE, COURAGE, AND INGENUITY OF THE AMERICANS, THE SERAPIS SURRENDERED!
P.S. REMEMBER THE ENTERPRISE, ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN? WELL IN NOVEMBER 1942, A TRANSPORT ARMADA OF 10,000 JAP SOLDIERS SAILED DOWN TO RETAKE GUADALCANAL FROM THE WEARY, WAR-TENSED MARINES WHO HELD IT. BUT PLANES FROM A PATCHED-UP AMERICAN CARRIER WRECKED THE JAP INVASION FLEET AND SAVED THE LEATHERNECKS FROM WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A BLOODY AND COSTLY ENGAGEMENT. THE CARRIER WAS NAMED... ENTERPRISE!

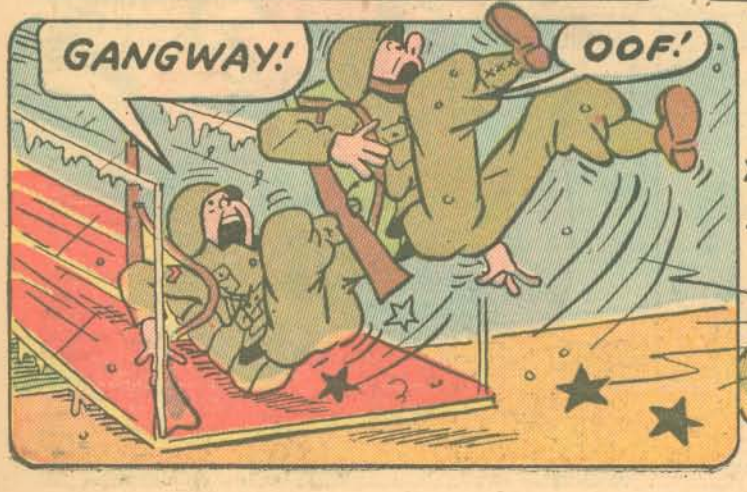
MONTE ZUMA AND TRIP O'LEE
FROM THE HALLS OF MONTE ZUMA TO THE SHORES OF TRIP-O-LI
by RAY McGILL

GOSH, MONTE - WHERE ARE WE HEADED FOR NOW - I'M FREEZING
YA GOT ME TRIP - BUT IT FEELS LIKE ALASKA!

ALASKA!! - AND HERE WE ARE DRESSED FOR THE TROPICS - WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME THESE THINGS?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW - LET'S GET SOME CLOTHES ON!

- WE DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING -
- BUT WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

OOPS!!
SLITCH
!?


GANGWAY!
OOF!

WELL, ANYWAY - THE MARINES HAVE LANDED - TRIP!
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME!

SO THIS IS ALASKA - EH? - ARE WE SITTIN' ON TOP OF THE WORLD!
YEP - ALL WE NEED NOW IS A COUPLE OF JAP VALETS - REMIND ME TO HUNT UP A COUPLE IN THE MORNING, MONTE
OH, BABY - COULD I USE SOME SHUT EYE!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
WELL, ANYWAY - THEY SAY THE NIGHTS UP HERE ARE 3 MONTHS LONG - AT'S SOMETHING!
HO-HUM!
SAY - THAT'S RIGHT, TRIP - THIS IS GONNA BE A BREEZE - A FURLOUGH EVERY NIGHT!
SOFT, EH?
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK - YOU GUYS ARE GOING ON GUARD DUTY, TONIGHT! WE'RE SHORT OF MEN!
YOU HEARD ME - NOW GET GOIN - TONIGHT!
GUARD DUTY FOR 3 MONTHS?
WHAT IS THIS - WAKE ISLAND?
2.

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO US!
AREN'T WE EVER GONNA GET ANY SHUT EYE ?

I'LL NEVER STAY AWAKE FOR 3 MONTHS !
YOU SAID IT!

WHAT'S TH' PENALTY FOR WALKIN' POST IN YA SLEEP ?
YA GET SHOT- BUT I WOULDN'T FEEL IT-I'M TOO NUMB!

NOW MEN-SOME JAP PARATROOPERS WERE SEEN LANDING NEAR THIS POST LAST NIGHT-AND-

NO LEATHERNECK IN THIS OUTFIT IS GOIN' TO SLEEP A WINK UNTIL THOSE NIPS ARE BROUGHT IN-DEAD OR ALIVE-
AND REMEMBER KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN — THOSE BABIES ARE TRICKY!

SAY MONTE- I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
DON'T TELL ME YOUR BRAIN IS STILL WORKIN', TRIP!

LET'S GET BUSY- THE SARGE SAYS HE'S SHORT OF MEN!

-I DIDN'T TAKE UP CAMOUFLAGE FOR NOTHING - HOW'S THAT FOR REINFORCEMENTS?
WELL TRIP - IF THERE'S ANY JAPS AROUND HERE - THAT OUGHT TO SCARE 'EM ALL TH' WAY BACK TO TOKIO!

LOOK - WE'RE SURROUNDED BY WHITE MEN
?!
SNOW USE!

WE GIVE UP!
HEY MONTE - IT WORKED!

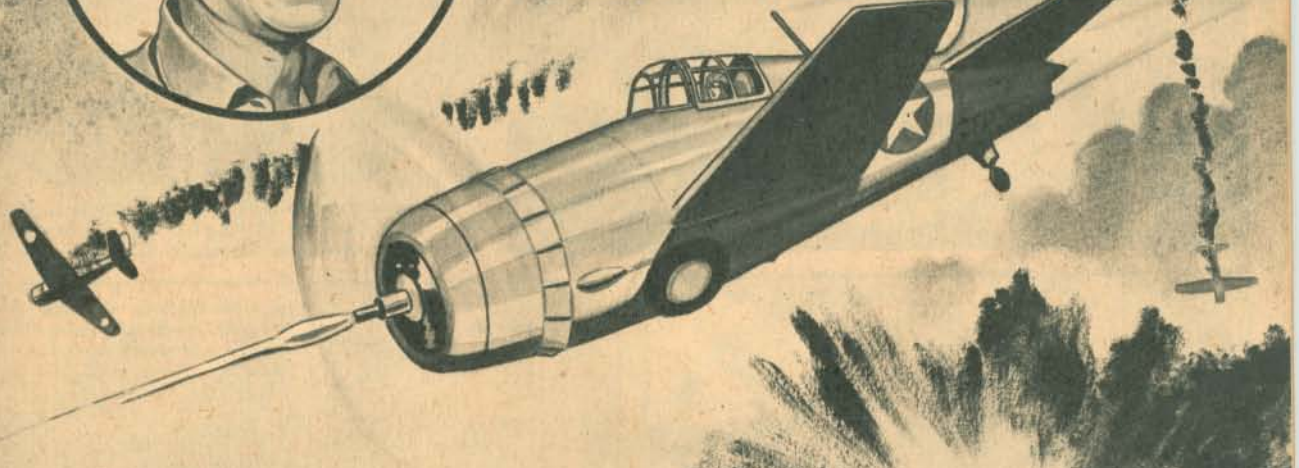
DON'T SHOOT TRIP!
WE CAN USE THOSE BABIES!

SO SOLLY, TOJO -
-YOU'LL NEVE CATCH A MARINE NAPPING!

OKAY SARGE - PUT 'EM ON ICE
CONGRATULATIONS BOYS - JUST FOR THAT YOU DESERVE A COUPLE OF JAP VALETS - TAKE 'EM AWAY!

WELL TRIP - OUR SERVANT PROBLEM IS SOLVED!
YOU SAID IT MONTE - THAT'S WHAT I CALL TRIPPING THE NIPS!!

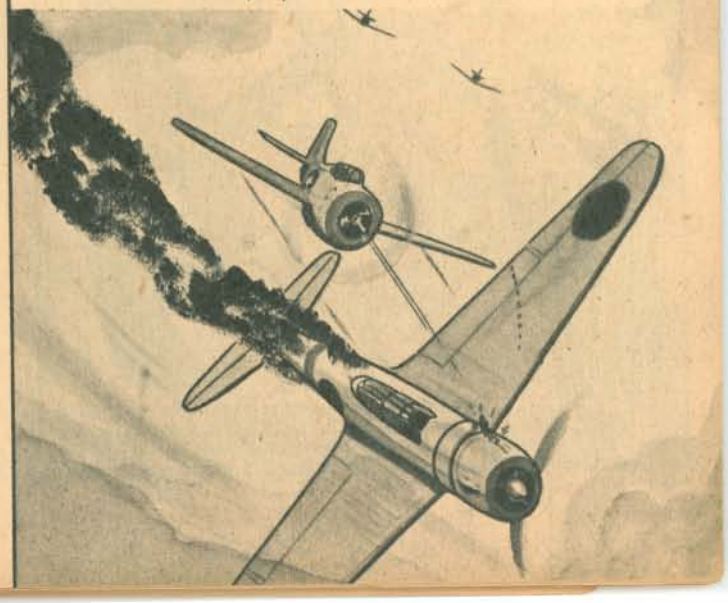
HELLCAT OUT OF HEAVEN



DURING three and a half months at Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands, Major Joseph J. Foss, USMC flight leader, shot down 26 Japanese planes—a record for World War II. His first three times over the bloody island, he did not see a Jap. The fourth time was *different* . . . .

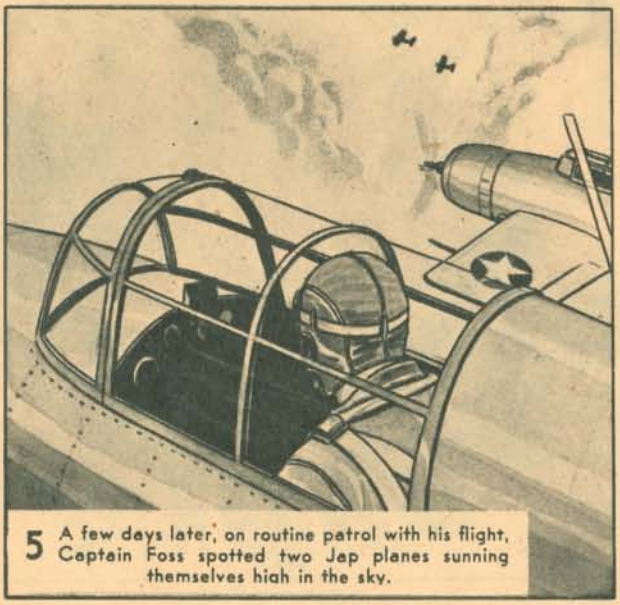
1 Captain Foss grinned. The boys of his flying circus waved wildly as they passed in sudden bursts of speed. They were overjoyed, he thought, at seeing the Japanese bombers then reported storming towards Guadalcanal. He waved back happily.

2 The next instant bullets chopped through the cockpit. A Zero whipped past. **The boys had been trying to warn him!** Captain Foss pressed the firing button, and the Jap spun away in flames. But three more Zeros had already jumped him. . . .

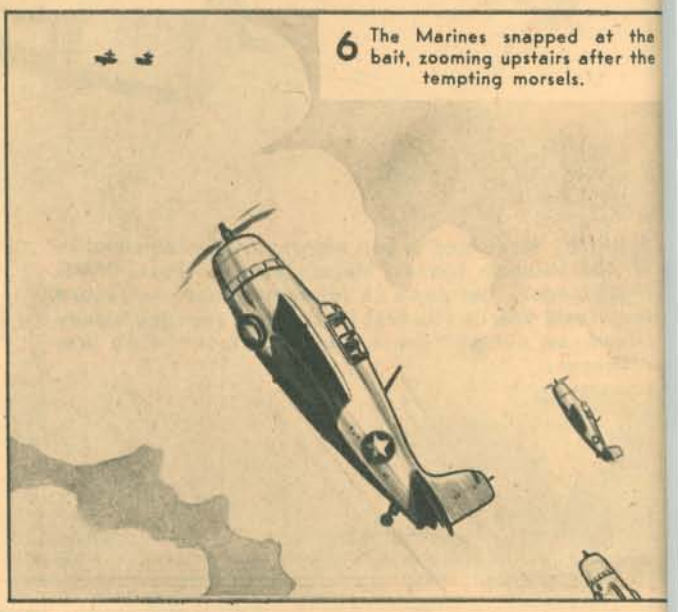


3 Bullets chewed up the armor of his Grumman Wildcat—only his amazing flying skill saved him as the Zeros chased him back to Henderson Field.

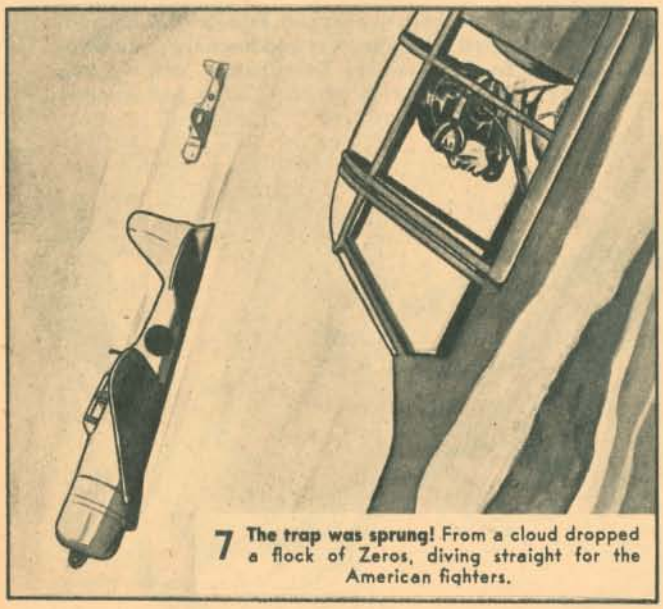
4 An ambulance hastily bumped across the landing strip . . . Captain Foss climbed out of the riddled Wildcat —**unhurt!**—and shook an angry fist after the Zeros.



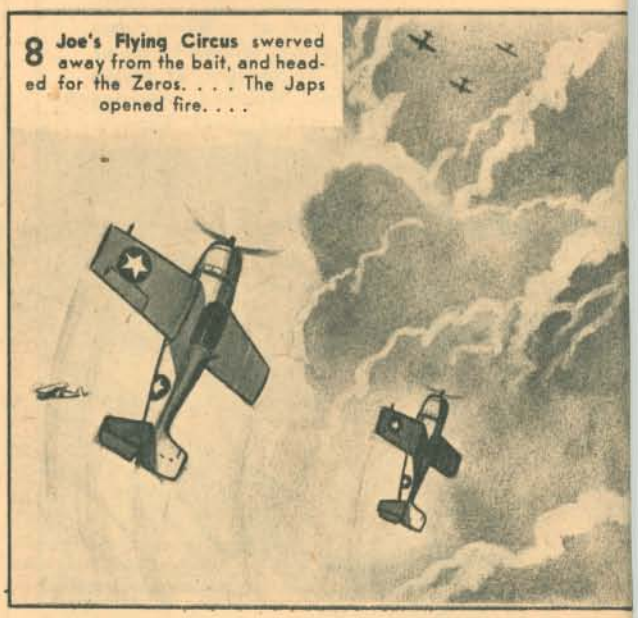
5 A few days later, on routine patrol with his flight, Captain Foss spotted two Jap planes sunning themselves high in the sky.



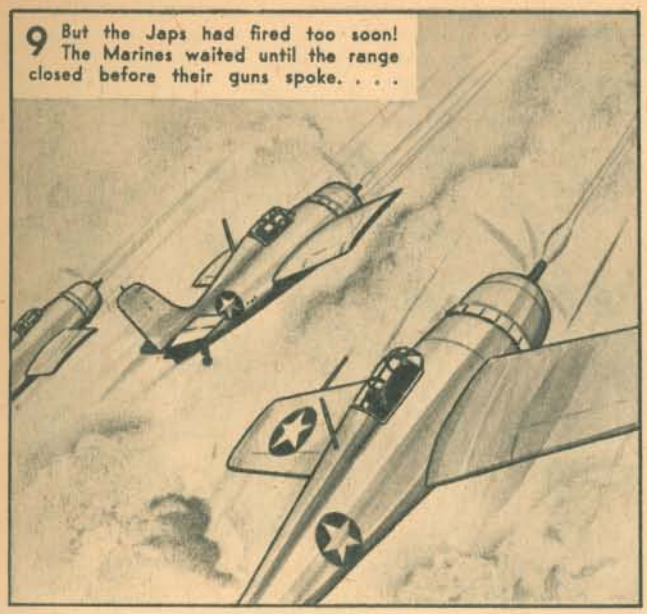
6 The Marines snapped at the bait, zooming upstairs after the tempting morsels.



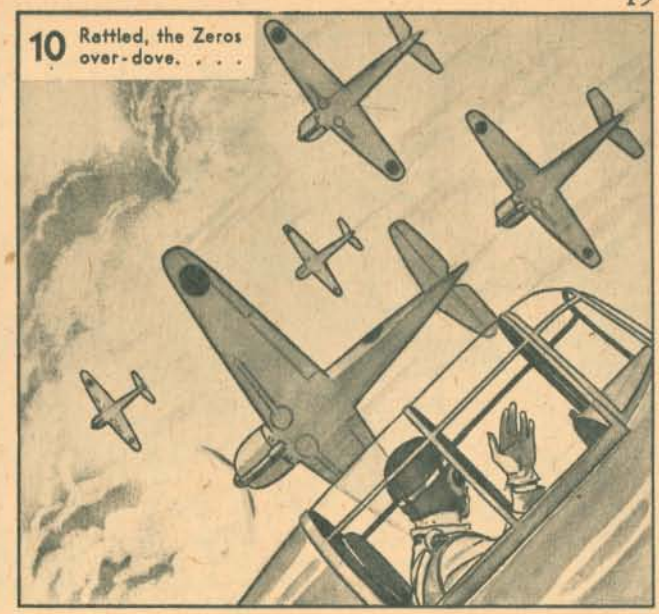
7 **The trap was sprung!** From a cloud dropped a flock of Zeros, diving straight for the American fighters.



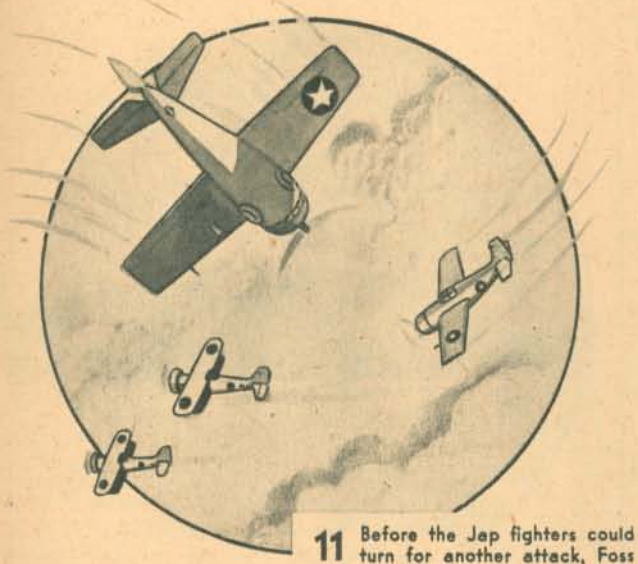
8 **Joe's Flying Circus** swerved away from the bait, and headed for the Zeros. . . . The Japs opened fire. . . .



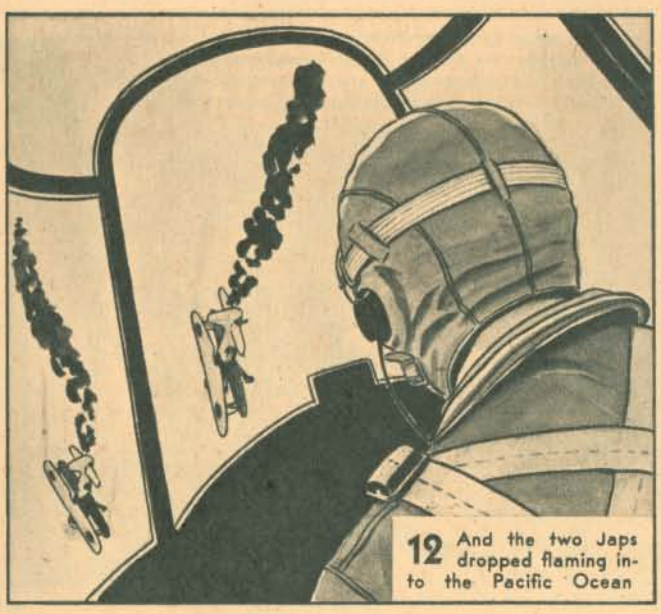
9 But the Japs had fired too soon! The Marines waited until the range closed before their guns spoke. . . .



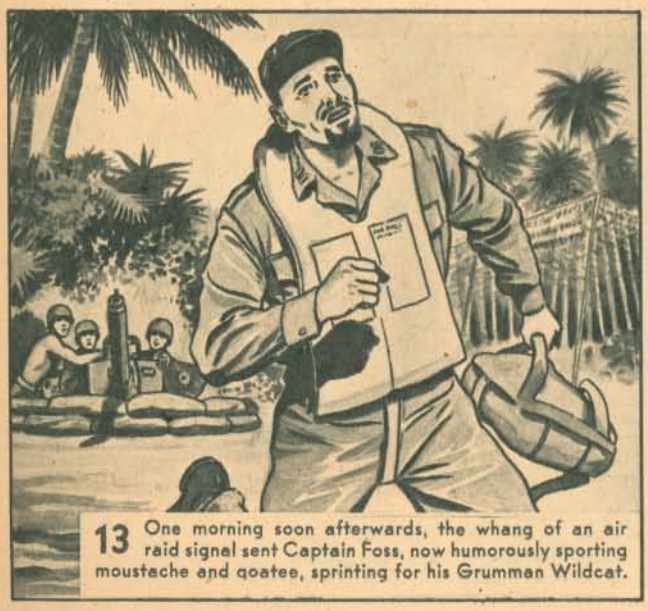
10 Rattled, the Zeros over-dove. . . .



11 Before the Jap fighters could turn for another attack, Foss and his boys wheeled upon the **bait.**



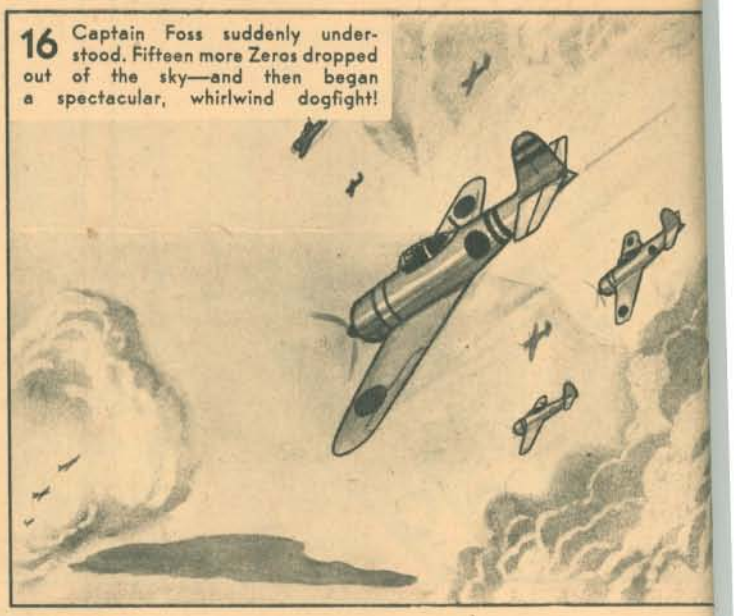
12 And the two Japs dropped flaming into the Pacific Ocean



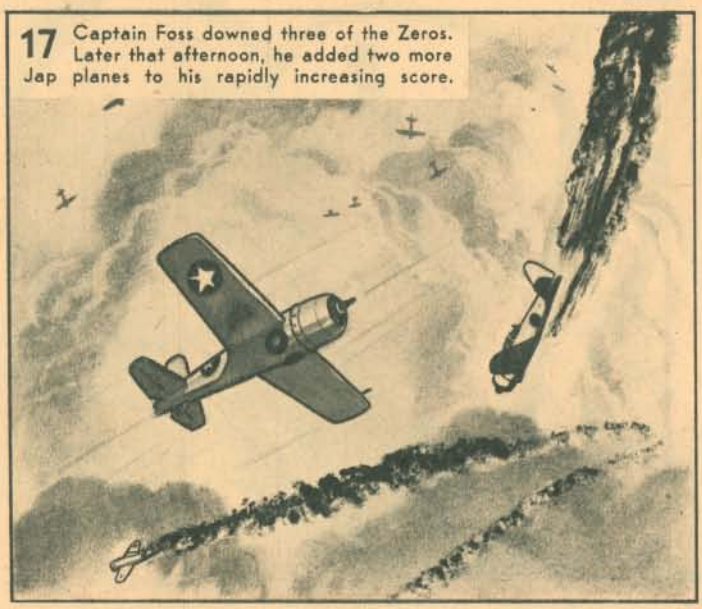
13 One morning soon afterwards, the whang of an air raid signal sent Captain Foss, now humorously sporting moustache and goatee, sprinting for his Grumman Wildcat.

14 At 1500 feet, just beyond range of the ack-ack batteries, six Zeros jumped the American fliers.

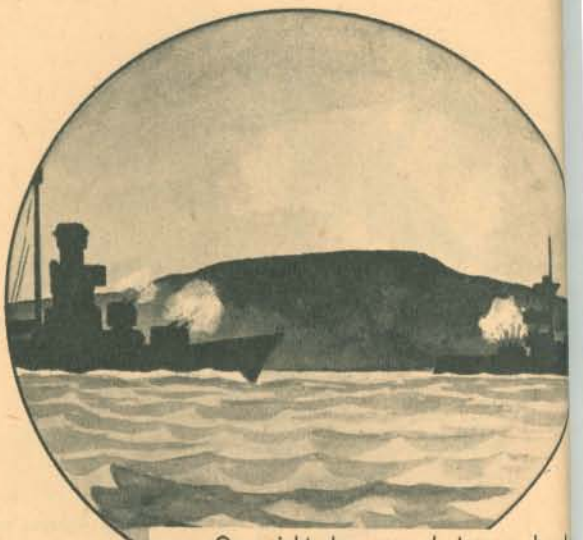
15 Seesawing for altitude, Captain Foss marveled at the unexpected courage of the Nipponese pilots. . . . Six Zeros against five Wildcats—and the Zeros weren't running away! . . . **Something fishy.**



16 Captain Foss suddenly understood. Fifteen more Zeros dropped out of the sky—and then began a spectacular, whirlwind dogfight!



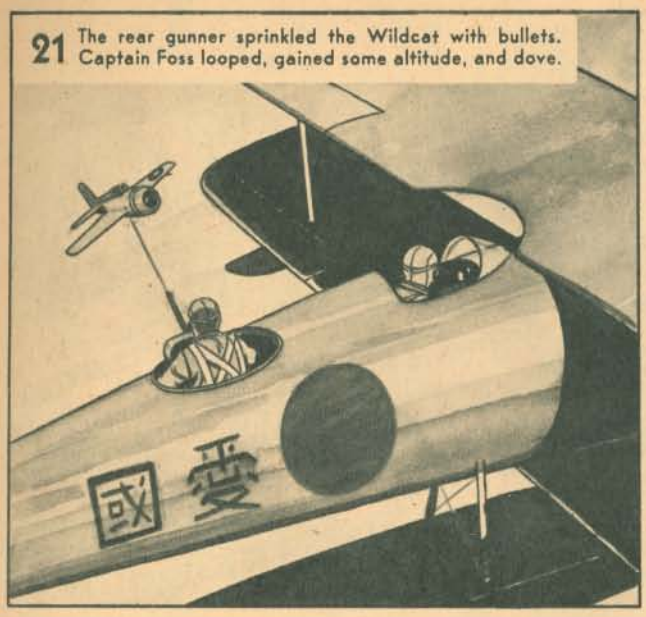
17 Captain Foss downed three of the Zeros. Later that afternoon, he added two more Jap planes to his rapidly increasing score.



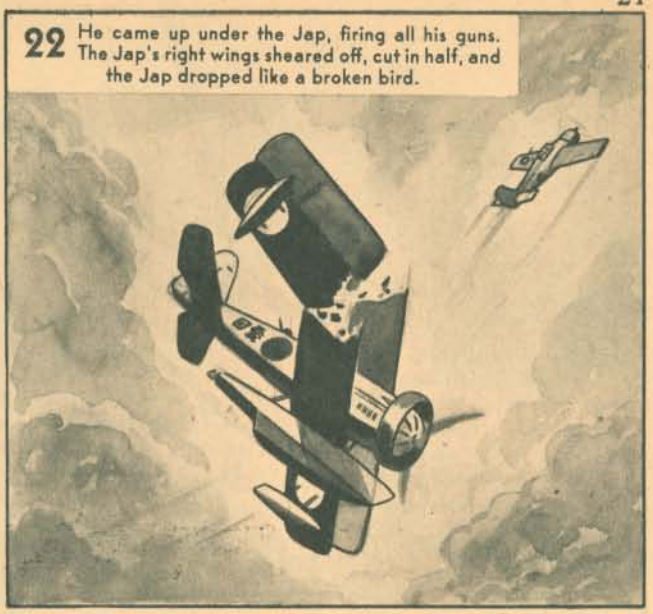
18 One night Japanese destroyers haul close to Guadalcanal and pommeled t American land forces with heavy shell fi

19 The next morning the American airmen set out amid rain squalls after the enemy warships. On the way **Joe's Flying Circus** shot down three Zero float planes.

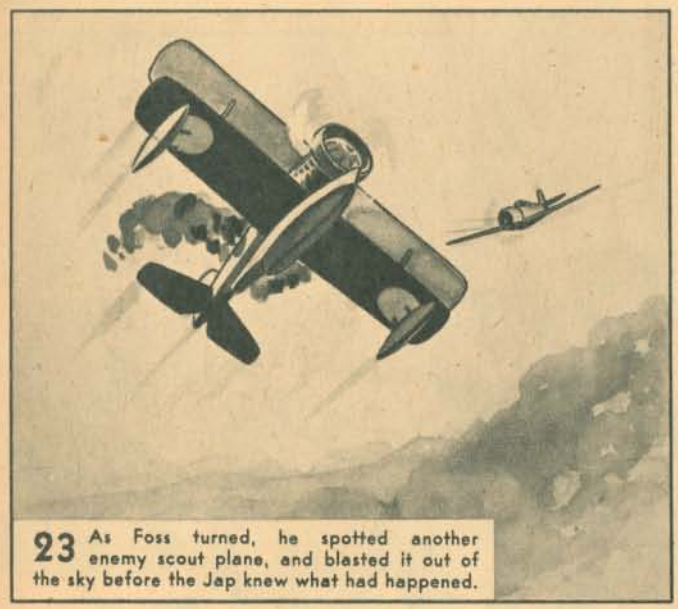
20 As the other fighter planes dove to strafe the Jap destroyers, Captain Foss, now in the tail slot, peeled back to attack an enemy scout biplane that was scudding through the murk.



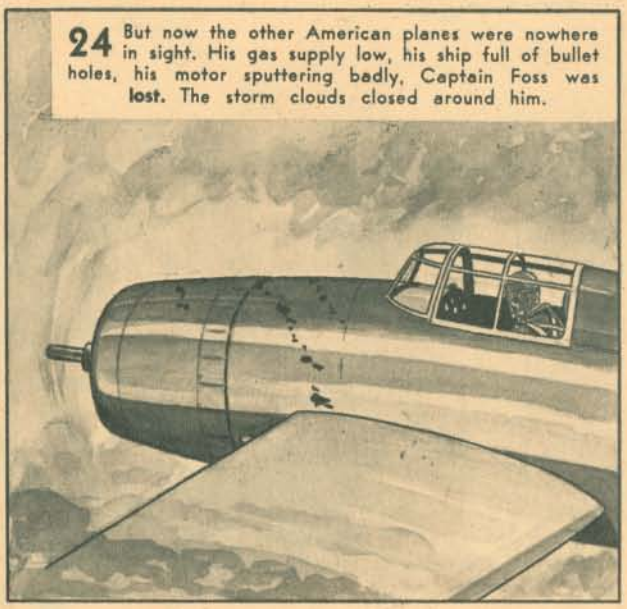
21 The rear gunner sprinkled the Wildcat with bullets. Captain Foss looped, gained some altitude, and dove.



22 He came up under the Jap, firing all his guns. The Jap's right wings sheared off, cut in half, and the Jap dropped like a broken bird.



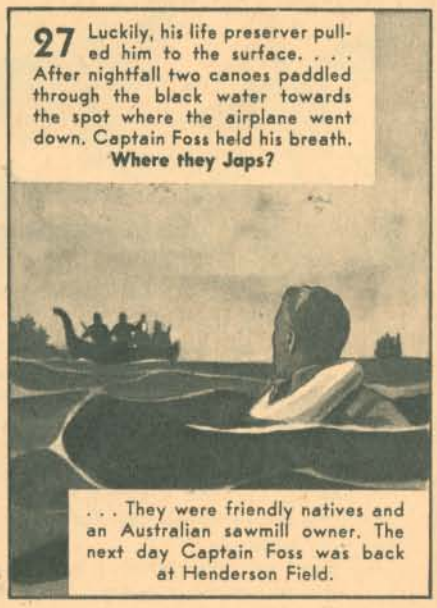
23 As Foss turned, he spotted another enemy scout plane, and blasted it out of the sky before the Jap knew what had happened.



24 But now the other American planes were nowhere in sight. His gas supply low, his ship full of bullet holes, his motor sputtering badly, Captain Foss was **lost.** The storm clouds closed around him.

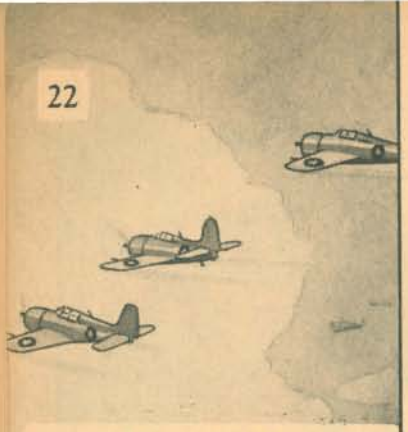
25 Beaten by wind and rain, the motor finally quit. Captain Foss began a long glide towards a distant island, not knowing whether it was held by the Japanese. Five miles from the island, the Wildcat crashed into the ocean.

26 The plane sank like lead, dragging Captain Foss underwater.



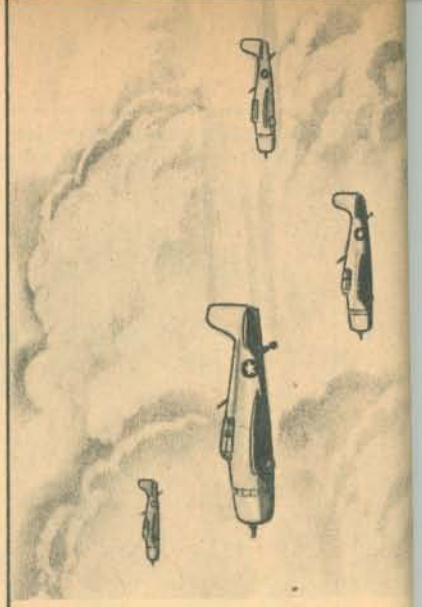
27 Luckily, his life preserver pulled him to the surface. . . . After nightfall two canoes paddled through the black water towards the spot where the airplane went down. Captain Foss held his breath. **Where they Japs?**

. . . They were friendly natives and an Australian sawmill owner. The next day Captain Foss was back at Henderson Field.



28 A big naval battle was raging off Guadalcanal, and Captain Foss suspected that Japanese torpedo bombers were lurking in a huge cloud 29,500 feet above Florida Island.

29 Somehow the Japs slipped out of the cloud. When Captain Foss saw them, the torpedo bombers were 29,000 feet below, streaking for the U. S. destroyers!



30 Captain Foss and his flying ci nosed over—and plummet 29,000 feet straight down in a ro coaster power dive!

31 Like bullets the Americans zipped past the Zeros that the Japs had hidden for high cover, and leveled out on the tails of the torpedo bombers. Skidding right and left with blazing guns, Captain Foss immediately downed two Japs. He and his flight whammed through the ack-ack from the American destroyers to clip off the Japs, one by one, until 21 of the enemy had crashed flaming into the sea. Only one Jap escaped. Captain Foss was on top of him and could have blown him to bits, but by this time the Wildcat's guns were empty.

For these and other brilliant exploits, Captain Foss was decorated with his country's most distinguished honors, and elevated to the rank of Major in the U. S. Marine Corps.

This photograph of a wounded United States Marine receiving a transfusion in a Guadalcanal field hospital is a graphic illustration of how donation to a blood bank saves lives. Plasma, such as that held by the bearded Marine in the background, has kept hundreds of men in our armed forces alive and in the fight.

Your Blood
CAN SAVE HIM

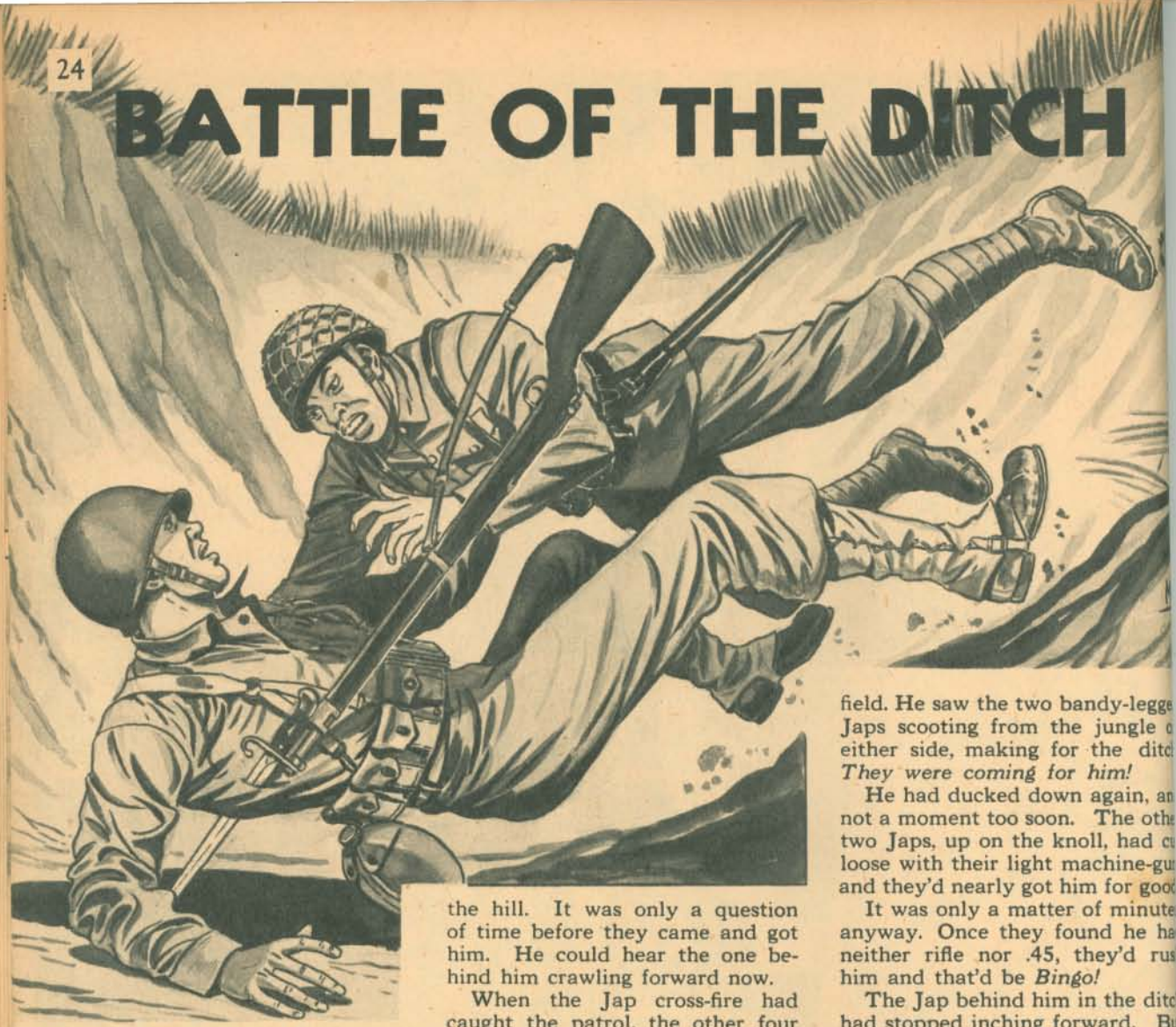
Thousands of volunteer blood donors are needed each week to provide life saving plasma for the Army and Navy. If you live in or near one of the cities in which Blood Donor Centers are located, call the Red Cross for an appointment to give blood.

These cities are : Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Denver, Detroit, Harrisburg, Indianapolis Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Oakland, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Rochester, San Antonio, San Diego, San Francisco, Schenectady, St. Paul, St. Louis, and Washington, D. C.

AMERICAN RED CROSS
BLOOD DONOR SERVICE

This space contributed by the publisher.

BATTLE OF THE DITCH



A lone Marine and a quartet of savage Japs write a decisive chapter under the tropical sun in the Southwest Pacific.

JIGGS WILLIAMS, private, U. S. M. C., flattened his short, wiry frame against the clay bottom of the grass-edged ditch and shivered as the whining hail of .30-calibre machine-gun slugs zipped twelve inches above his back.

They had him cold. No doubt about that.

Four little grinning monkeys in the sloppy uniform of Tojo's troops. Two of them dug in behind the bushes on top of the little knoll that sloped up from the ditch where he sprawled, wounded and unarmed. Two more of them in the ditch itself, one of them behind him and one somewhere ahead, both of them hidden from his sight by reason of the sharp curve which the ditch made around the bend of the hill. It was only a question of time before they came and got him. He could hear the one behind him crawling forward now.

When the Jap cross-fire had caught the patrol, the other four Marines had promptly hit the dirt. Jiggs, however, stunned by the suddenness of the attack—there weren't supposed to *be* any Japs in the neighborhood, not this close to the American lines, anyway! — had frozen where he stood, like a rabbit caught in the glare of automobile headlights on a country road. Before he could recover, the machine-gun and rifle fire had fanned across the little clearing; one bullet had slammed into his shoulder and knocked him down, hard. His Browning had been shot out of his hand even before he fell. And when, galvanized into movement at last, he had rapidly scrambled forward on his belly to reach the shelter of the ditch, which lay five yards ahead, he had given no thought to the weapon.

He had hugged the ditch-bottom, clutching his wounded shoulder, until the savage, triumphant yells of the Japs had let him know that the rest of the patrol had been finished off. Then he had lifted his head to look back at the tragic field. He saw the two bandy-legge Japs scooting from the jungle o either side, making for the ditc *They were coming for him!*

He had ducked down again, an not a moment too soon. The oth two Japs, up on the knoll, had cu loose with their light machine-gu and they'd nearly got him for goo

It was only a matter of minute anyway. Once they found he ha neither rifle nor .45, they'd rus him and that'd be *Bingo!*

The Jap behind him in the ditc had stopped inching forward. Bu he was up to something — Jigg could hear him moving, and th small clink of metal.

Jiggs bent his neck far forwar looked back over his shoulder — and saw the small, dark, sputterin object hurtling through the ai coming down from a high arc, righ at him! *A hand grenade!*

Instinctively—the sandlot ba games never let your eyes an muscles forget those things — h shot out an arm. The grenad plopped solidly into his sweatin clutching, strong-fingered hand. In stantly, without the slightest paus Jiggs brought his arm straight u and over, throwing forward.

"Maybe"—he prayed—"it'll lan on the other Jap!"

Surprisingly, it did. The shar blast of the grenade, exploding be hind the bend of the ditch, severa yards ahead of Jiggs, was followe almost instantly by a bubblin shriek that quickly diminished to horrible, rapid gasping.

"Direct hit!" Jiggs whisperec hoarsely, still quivering with reac

tion, and then a rifle cracked behind him and a bullet slapped into the clay beside his cheek. He swung his head quickly.

The other Jap—the one who had tossed the grenade—was coming at him full tilt, firing wildly as he ran! Jiggs did not even hear the rifle—his entire attention was focussed on the gleaming bayonet that flashed on the muzzle of the Jap's weapon. The bayonet, flashing and dancing *and lunging down!*

He twisted his ribs into a sharp, wrenching arc. The Jap's vicious yell smote his eardrums. Jiggs heard the bayonet rip savagely through his shirt, felt the burn and rasp of its swift scrape along the folded skin and muscle of his side, saw the Jap coming down on him.

A throaty gasp burst from the Marine's lips as the Jap, letting go the rifle, fell violently on top of him. Then bony little fingers closed around Jiggs' neck, dug in, tightened.

But he had expected this. When the bayonet stab missed, he had seen that the Jap was off balance and could not recover. And he had seen the knife tucked in the Jap's belt. . . .

Even as the vicious little fingers constricted, the Marine's left hand swiftly snatched the knife from his enemy's belt, drew back, jabbed upwards.

The Jap screamed horribly, and for a second his fingers tightened so convulsively in Jiggs' neck that the Marine's senses swam in a sudden swirl of blackness. Then the pressure eased abruptly as the Jap let go and tried to grab Jiggs' arm. He was too late. The knife came out, curved up and in, jerked upwards, and slid in under the breastbone.

"That's for the guys you chopped down in the clearing!" Jiggs snarled, and violently threw the Jap to one side. The little man's twisted mouth was venting shriek after shriek, but the awful clamor ceased suddenly as the knife made its third and final plunge.

JIGGS WAS SHAKING as though he had malaria. He felt dizzy, weak, and somewhat nauseous. He let the knife stay where his last stab had plunged it, put a hand on the ground to brace himself, and forced himself up to a sitting position.

Dat-dat-dat-dat-dat-dat-dat!

The bullets ripped whining past his head, close enough to brush his close-cropped hair.

"Jeepers, creepers! What a fool!" he cried, and flung himself backwards. "Forgot about that machine-gun!"

Shrill and angry shouts clamored from the top of the knoll.

"They're plenty sore," Jiggs told himself, staring up at the smoke-colored morning sky. "They know something's gone wrong—and they won't stand for it, I'll bet! They'll come for me, sooner or later. And a machine-gun's more than I can handle. . . ."

And then he saw the tight little yellow cylinders of paper hanging out of a pouch on the dead Jap's belt.

Firecrackers!

He reached over and carefully, so as not to break the string, removed the firecrackers from the pouch. There were about three hundred of them in the string, each of them about an inch and a half in length, and there was a two-foot paper fuse leading into one end of the packet.

"Perfect!" Jiggs murmured, and went swiftly to work. He plucked the Jap's rifle from its upright position beside him, checked to make sure that the bayonet had not been wrenched loose, slipped a fresh clip of bullets into place. Then he carefully wriggled around until he faced the direction from which his late opponent had charged him, stretched the string of firecrackers on the ground beside him, and took a book of safety matches from one of his blouse pockets.

(*Continued on Next Page*)

"Coward Marine! Coward Marine! Come and fight us!"

The Japs up on the knoll were shouting this, derisively and in surprisingly good English.

"Coward Japs!" he shouted back. "*You* come and get *me!* I have a little machine-gun, too! Want a taste of it?"

"Riar!" yelled one of the Japs on the hill-top.

Jiggs found himself grinning. Japs couldn't pronounce the letter L. His hands were steady as he struck a match, touched its small flame to the end of the fuse. There was a quick, bright sputter of sparks, and a pinpoint glow began to creep along the thin paper string.

"Liar, am I?" he shouted. "Just stick your heads up!"

They began yelling again, and loosed a quick burst at the ditch, but he paid no attention to that. He just went wriggling along the ditch as fast as he could, dragging the dead Jap's rifle with him.

Suddenly he heard the sharp snap and bang of the firecrackers. A surge of relief and elation went through him as he realized how far he had crawled around the ditch in the brief interval that the fuse had given him. He wriggled forward a few more yards, and cautiously lifted his head. The Japs were shooting towards the place where he had last been, where the firecrackers were now exploding viciously!

HE CAME UP out of the ditch then, and started running up the grassy slope of the knoll, the Japanese rifle clutched in one hand. His crawl along the ditch had brought him a third of the way around the base of the little hill. He had flanked the Japs with the machine-gun; was almost directly in back of them, in fact. He ran on, trying to make his footfalls as light as possible.

The Japs in the skimpy bushes on the hill-top had stopped firing, but the firecrackers were still exploding merrily. Twenty yards more, Jiggs figured. Eighteen! Sixteen! He could see the Japs peering out, down the hill, wondering what was going on. Fourteen yards more! Twelve! Suddenly one those ugly little Japanese hea jerked sharply about. Mean litt slanted eyes squinted, open wide, staring right at him! T yards more! Eight!

A high, harsh yell burst from t Jap's gaping mouth. His compa ion spun around, still crouching his heels—and the small machin gun snapped around, too. *Th had him!*

"Yeeeeahhh!" The savage, u controllable shout ripped fro Jiggs' throat, screamed out ahe of him. The fierceness of that b baric cry seemed to strike the fi Jap as though it were somethi solid. Half-squatting, half-ere he made a convulsive moveme backwards, lost his balance—a fell against the barrel of the m chine-gun, even as the other J squeezed the trigger. The g chattered, spat a stream of bulle downward into the earth. The gu ner screeched something in his n tive tongue, pulled the weap clear.

Jiggs went yelling into the bru thrusting down hard with the ri jerking it up again instantly—a the slender Japanese bayon slashed a diagonal swath acro that narrow Japanese throat. T machine-gunner's shrieking sto ped abruptly. He dropped weapon and fell backwards, hands coming up to paw shaking at the gaping, mortal wound.

Then Jiggs felt himself fallin felt the other Jap's tackling arm clutching his legs just below t knees. He jerked one knee u ward, hard. It made a horr crunching sound as it crack against the Jap's small jaw.

Even as he hit the ground, Jig twisted, let the broad of his ba take the shock—and then he re ized that his legs were free. T Jap, his jaw peculiarly twisted, mouth working, was trying to p a pistol from a holster on his be Jiggs kicked out one foot, and t solid heel caught the Jap full tween the eyes. Jiggs got to knees, wrenched at the rifle, broug it up, lunged. A whistling gasp ca from the Jap's distorted lips. Jig lunged again. Once more.

Finally he got shakily to his fe bracing himself with the Japane rifle. He shook his head to cle the gathering fog away, took dazed look at the two dead so of Tojo, then started to stumb wearily down the little hill.

THE END

MARINE CORPS RAIDERS

Marine Corps Raider Battalions which have participated in the Makin and Solomon Islands attacks, must learn to shoot from any position. This crouching stance, used when running forward, makes a smaller target than the standing position. Note the knife worn by Marine at right—all Raiders carry them in battle.

WILDCAT IN THE SKY

THREE OTHER ENEMY dive bombers, victims of his sharp-shooting guns, were still trailing funereal plumes of black oil smoke over Tulagi harbor when First Lieutenant J. E. Swett in his Grumman Wildcat Fighter pounced upon the second flight of Japanese dive bombers north of Florida Island. *A clawing, death-spitting wildcat among a flock of fat hens!* Four more Jap birds dropped flaming into the Pacific Ocean, moulting parts like feathers. . . . Behind the bullet-smashed windshield, blood zigzagged redly down his tanned face —but the U. S. Marine Corps pilot wasn't through yet! . . . He loosed the last of his ammunition into still another dive bomber. The Jap wobbled away with the rear gunner huddled lifeless in his turret. . . . The Wildcat, its oil-cooling system riddled like a sieve, limped through the ack-ack of American shore batteries and warships and sat down in the water. . . . Later, in the hospital where he was treated for minor facial injuries, Lieutenant Swett learned that he had set a new record for World War II—*seven enemy planes downed by one pilot in a single action!*

THE MA

THE MARINES HAVE LANDED **on hostile shores hundreds of times since that memorable day in 1776 when the newly formed Corps made their first landing on New Providence Island in the Bahamas, and took Ft. Montague from the British. In fact, there is hardly a place in the entire world where the Marines have not gone ashore to do battle for their country; and before this war is over, the fighting Leathernecks will probably cover the regions they have missed up till now. And some day, in the not-too-distant future, a report will flash from the Orient that, as this drawing shows, the Marines have landed on an Asiatic plague-spot *AND HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!***

RINES HAVE LANDED!

SAGA OF THE SOLOMONS

WITH THE BOLDNESS and efficiency of their 168 years of world-wide fighting, the United States Marines invaded the Solomon Islands and began the first American land offensive against the Japanese on August 7, 1942, exactly seven months after Pearl Harbor.

It took five months of bitter fighting for the Marines to gain absolute control over the smaller island group, including Tulagi, Gavutu and Tanambogo. But when they turned Guadalcanal over to the Army on January 21, 1943, to complete the task of mopping up the remaining enemy units, it was with the knowledge that the enemy's back had been broken beyond rep

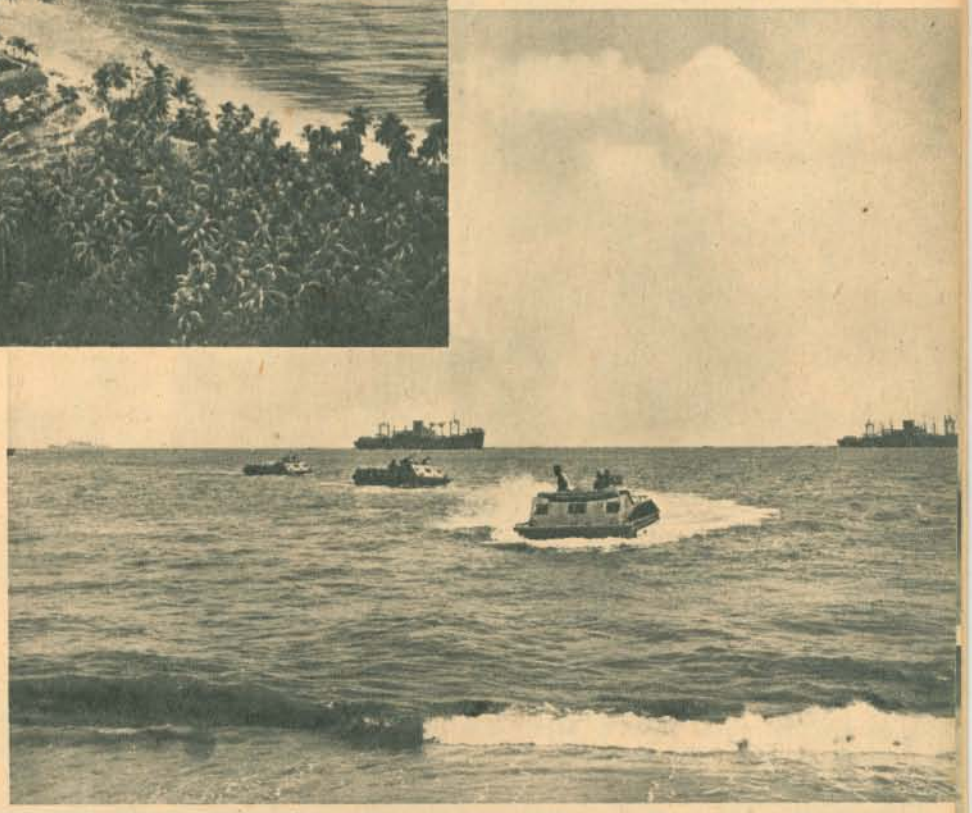
Marine action in the islands not only brou the Japanese tide of aggression to an emphatic h but it also cleared the Nipponese from th flanking position of the American lifeline Australia.

Excepting the recapture of Chinese areas Chinese troops, the conquest of the Solomons co stituted the first recapture of territory seized the Japs.

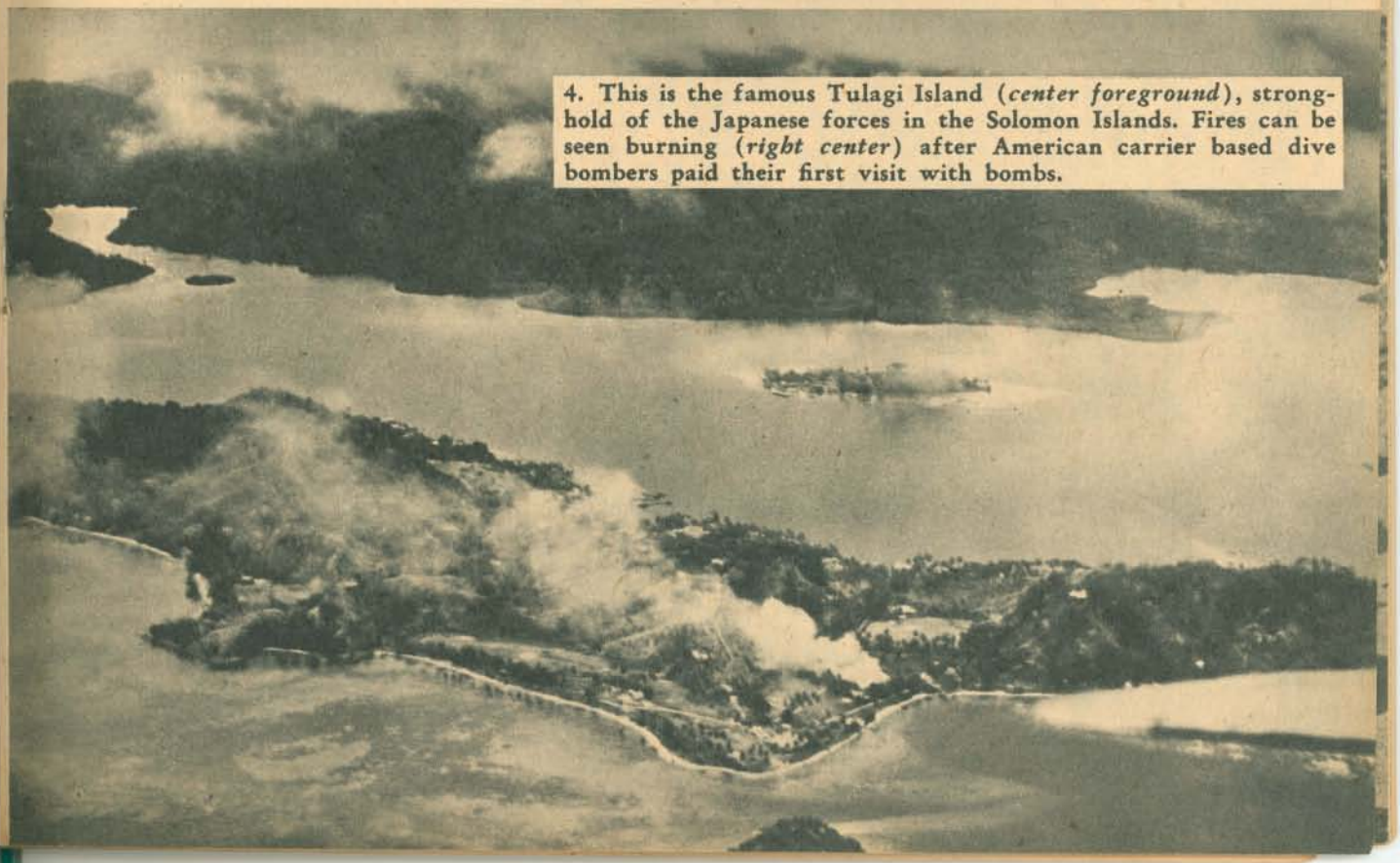
On this and the following pages are Marine Co photographs taken in the Solomon Islands duri that hard-fought campaign.

1. "WE'RE SHOVING RIGHT OFF." Their intensive training period in this country completed, these Marines, ready to fight their weight in wildcats or Japs, board a transport for parts unknown. They're fully equipped with battle-packs and camouflaged tents on their backs f their victory route to Tokyo which thousan of their fellow Marines have been pavi with dead Japs since the beginning of t war.

2. LANDING IN THE SOLOMONS. Looking from the air like a zig-zagging squadron of water bugs, troop-carrying barges land U. S. Marines on the beach of Florida Island during the initial stages of the Solomons battle.



3. With guns poised for action, amphibian tractors launched from transports swiftly carry the Leathernecks to the shores of Guadalcanal.



4. This is the famous Tulagi Island (*center foreground*), stronghold of the Japanese forces in the Solomon Islands. Fires can be seen burning (*right center*) after American carrier based dive bombers paid their first visit with bombs.

5. IN COMMAND OF TH BATTLE OF THE SOLOMON Marines on Guadalcanal wer under the command of Majo General A. A. Vandergrift, who i shown here at the crude desk i his tent on the island. It was fron this very desk that Major Genera Vandergrift directed all opera tions of American forces on th South Pacific Island.

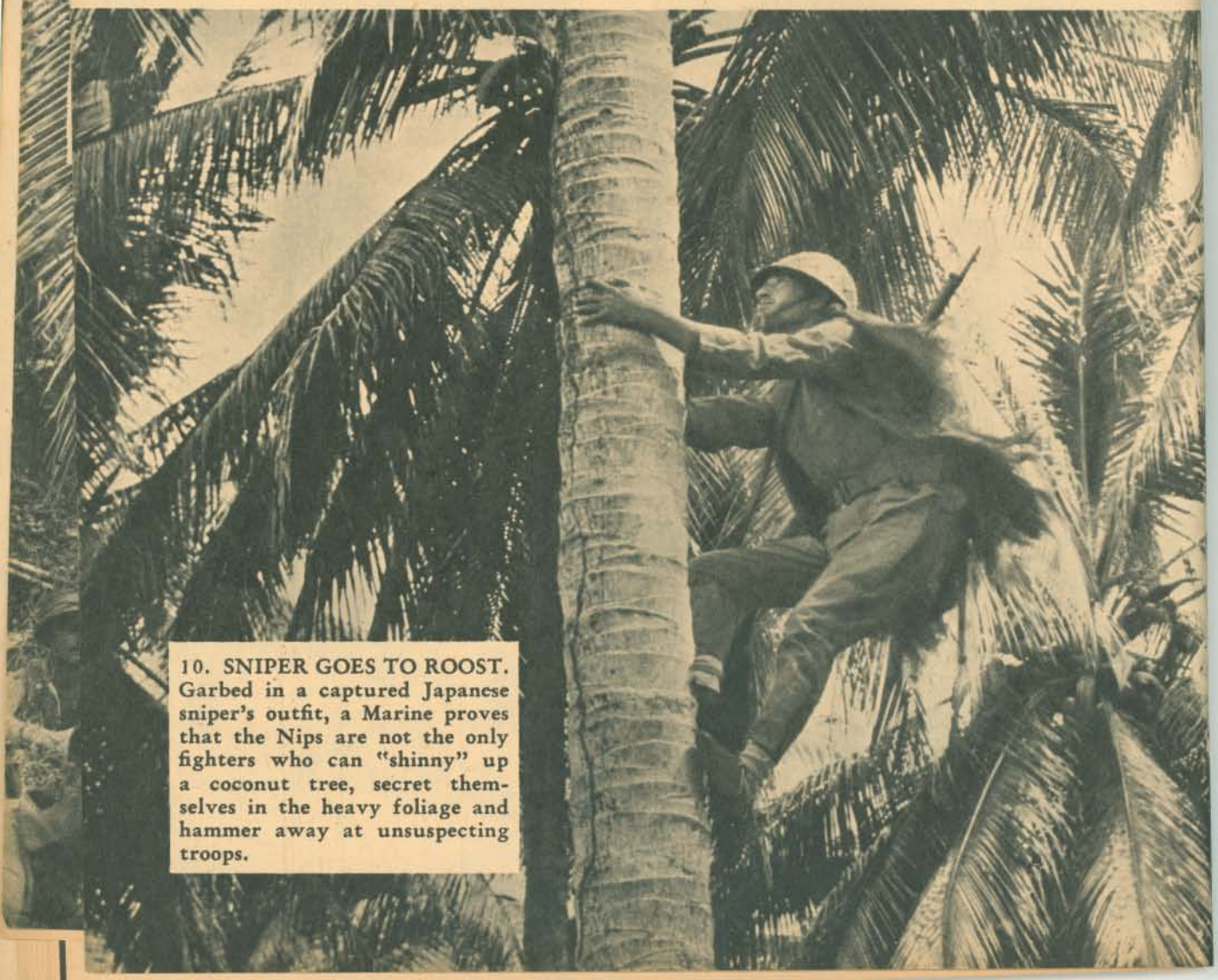
6. MOVING TO JUNGLE FRONT. A detachment of U. S. Marines pauses in a jungle clearing for a brief rest en route to the front on Guadalcanal. Shortly after this photo was snapped, these Leathernecks drove an enemy band far into the hills.

1.
int
ple
in
unl

7. U. S. Marines man a 75mm howitzer during intensive fighting on Guadalcanal Island.

8. DEATH IN THE MORNING. The rising sun reveals the corpses of Japanese jungle fighters, half-buried in the tidal sands of the Tenaru River where they fell in their vicious night attempt to dislodge U. S. Marines from Guadalcanal Island.

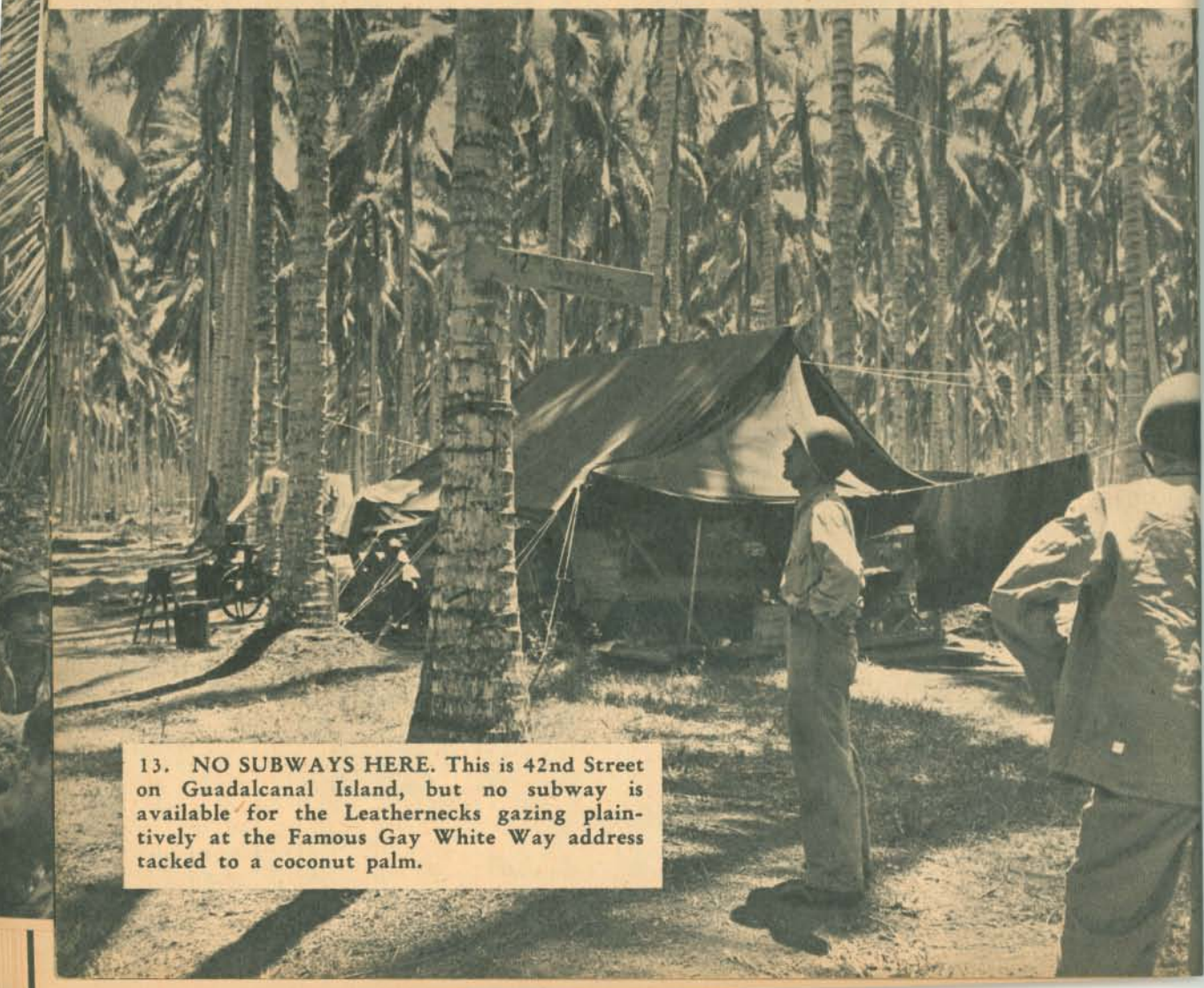
9. JAP SNIPER'S UNIFORM. The Leatherneck at the right shows a companion how he looks in a Japanese sniper's jacket, made of long-haired animal's skin. The skin blends in with the underbrush making such sniper s extremely difficult to locate.



10. SNIPER GOES TO ROOST. Garbed in a captured Japanese sniper's outfit, a Marine proves that the Nips are not the only fighters who can "shinny" up a coconut tree, secret themselves in the heavy foliage and hammer away at unsuspecting troops.

11. ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME? A Leatherneck indulges in one of Guadalcanal's greatest luxuries—a turn under the shower bath, made from an oil drum and a block and tackle.

12. Heavy foliage like this on Guadalcanal h Jap snipers as U. S. Marines fought their w through the jungle west of the Mataniko Riv on the island in the bloody battle of the Solomo

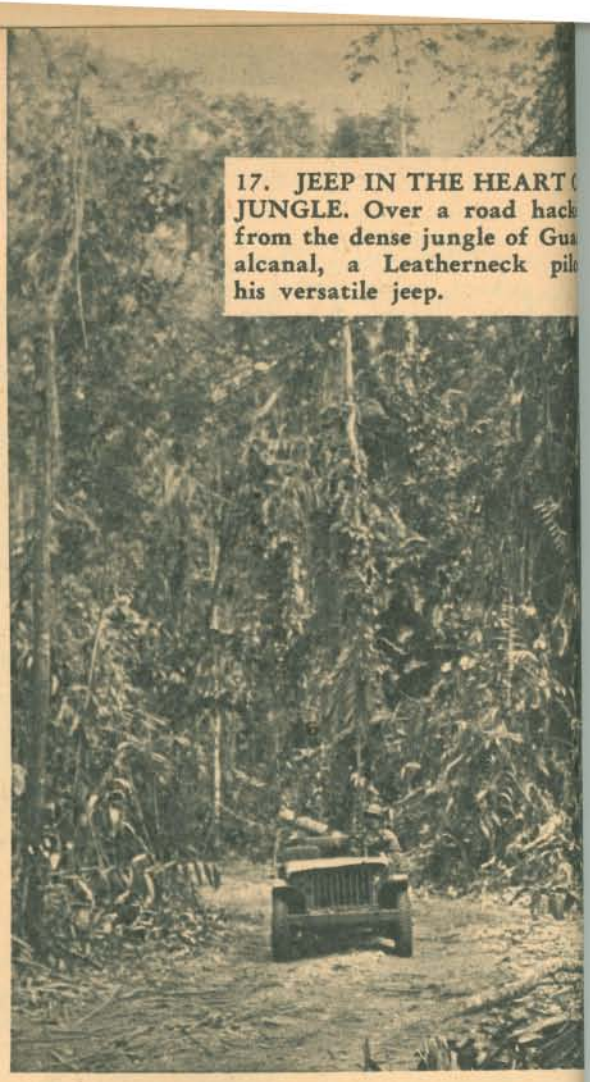


13. NO SUBWAYS HERE. This is 42nd Street on Guadalcanal Island, but no subway is available for the Leathernecks gazing plaintively at the Famous Gay White Way address tacked to a coconut palm.

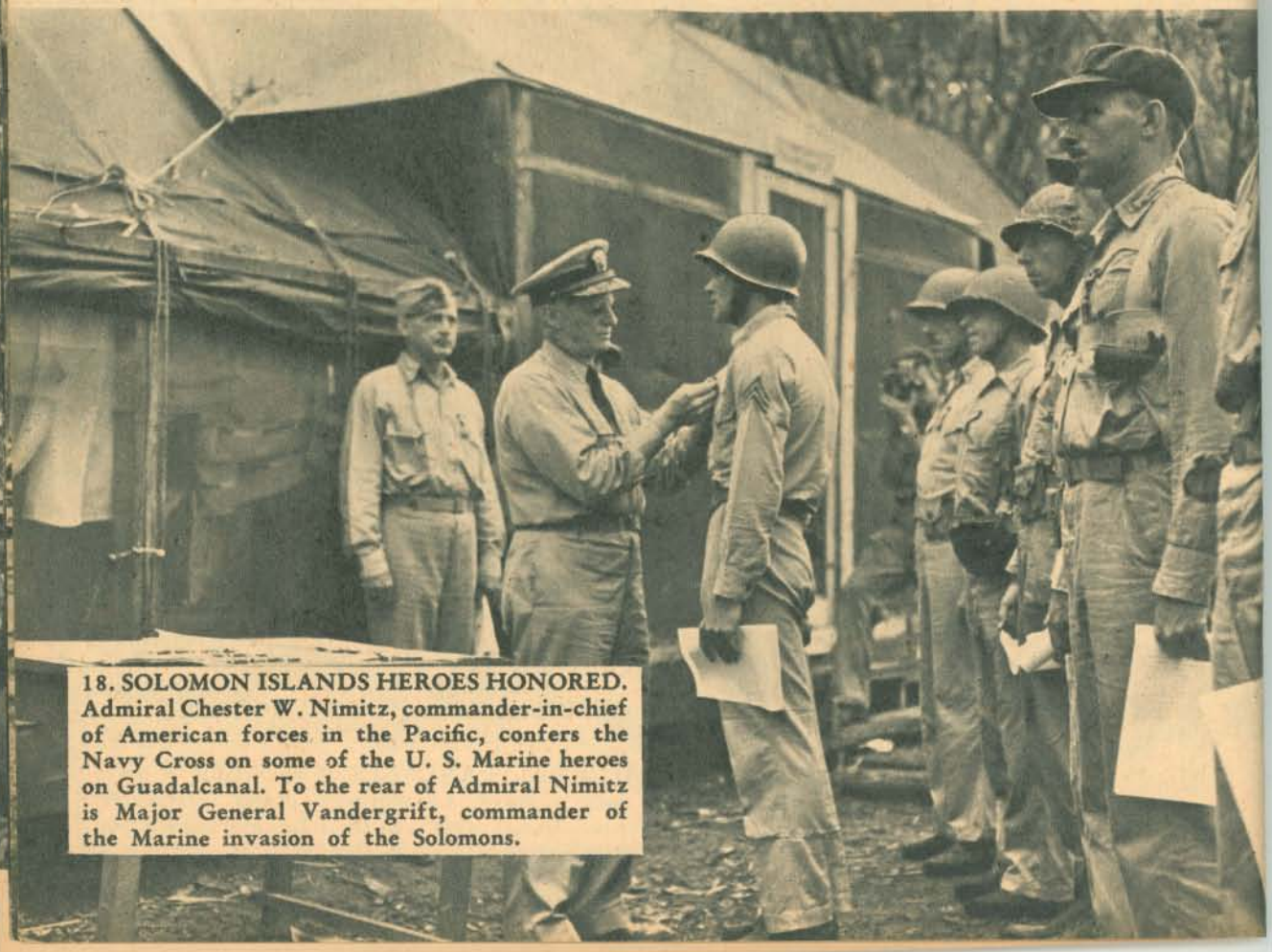
14. TIME OUT. This marine gunner, with tommy gun on knee, leaves his newly-dug trench near the Guadalcanal front line. With mess gear in hand, he awaits "chow" time.

15. GUADALCANAL PANCAKES. Converting a captured safe into a stove, Leatherneck cooks introduced flapjacks, "Guadalcanal style", to their hungry colleagues.

16. EYES IN THE TREES. Among silvery palms on Guadalcanal stands one of many Marine observation posts. From such places Marines keep a constant vigil against enemy attack.



17. JEEP IN THE HEART (JUNGLE. Over a road hack from the dense jungle of Gua alcanal, a Leatherneck pil his versatile jeep.



18. SOLOMON ISLANDS HEROES HONORED. Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander-in-chief of American forces in the Pacific, confers the Navy Cross on some of the U. S. Marine heroes on Guadalcanal. To the rear of Admiral Nimitz is Major General Vandergrift, commander of the Marine invasion of the Solomons.

THIS IS THE ENEMY!

THE FLYING BUTCHER

ON JUNE 7, 1943, Lt. Samuel S. Logan, USMC flyer, bailed out of his wrecked Corsair and found himself the target of a swooping Zero fighter. Firing as it came, the Zero raced beneath the helpless Logan, who had to pull his feet up to escape being chopped by the propeller. Again the Jap came. Again the Marine flyer lifted his feet—and the murderous prop missed by inches. Then Logan knew. *The Jap was deliberately trying to cut him to pieces with the propeller!* . . . On the third attack, the Zero's prop slashed off most of Logan's right foot; then an Army P-40 drove him away. . . . Logan is alive today—but he will never forget the flying butcher of Japan.

In ten more minutes what will you be doing?

IN ten more minutes they'll be in action —American fighters risking life and limb to conquer one more bridgehead on the road to freedom.

And in ten more minutes—what will *you* be doing to help win this war?

Because it's up to you as much as it's up to them. Unless you—and all the rest of us at home—are devoting every spare minute of our time to fighting this war as civilians, *their* chances of victory are slim.

Next time you read of an American raid on enemy positions—with its tragic footnote of lost planes and ships and men—ask yourself:

"What more *can I do today for freedom? What* more *can I do tomorrow that will save the lives of men like this and help them win the war?"*

* * *

To help you find *your* place in America's War for Freedom, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. Probably t one of these Corps operating now i community. Give it your full co-ope If none exists, help organize one.

Write to this magazine for a free b "You and the War," telling you what and how to do it. This is *your* war. He it. Choose what you will do now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIG

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of

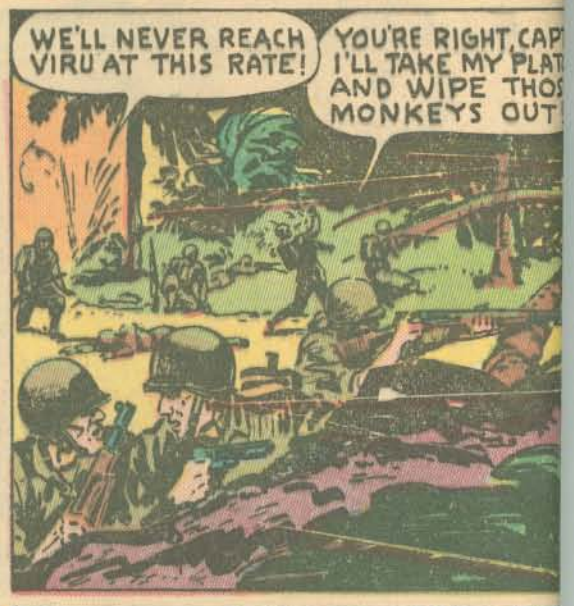
THE CLIFFS OF VIRU

ON AUG. 6TH 1943, THE JAPS LOST ANOTHER VITAL AIR-BASE WHEN AMERICAN JUNGLE-FIGHTERS CAPTURED MUNDA, ON NEW GEORGIA ISLAND.... BUT BEFORE THE MAIN ATTACK AND BEFORE THE SIEGE WHICH STRANGLED MUNDA, AN ACTION WAS FOUGHT AT VIRU HARBOR, FORTY MILES AWAY, WHICH MADE THE LATER VICTORY POSSIBLE....

THE WEEKS UP, BOYS— AND VIRU HARBOR IS 35 MILES AWAY. LET'S GO!!

HEY, THIS AIN'T VIRU, IS IT? WE DIDN'T MAKE 35 MILES IN 4 HOURS, DID WE?
OF COURSE WE DIDN' WE HIKE THE REST OF THE WAY, MAC!

THE NEXT DAY BROUGHT TROUBLE....
JAPS!!


WE'LL NEVER REACH VIRU AT THIS RATE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, CAP' I'LL TAKE MY PLAT AND WIPE THOS MONKEYS OUT!

LET'S MAKE A QUICK JOB OF IT!

GANGWAY, TOJO! GANGWAY FOR THE MARINES!!

DIDN'T LAST LONG, DID THEY?

BUT STUBBORN JAP SNIPERS BIT AT THE MARINES FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS

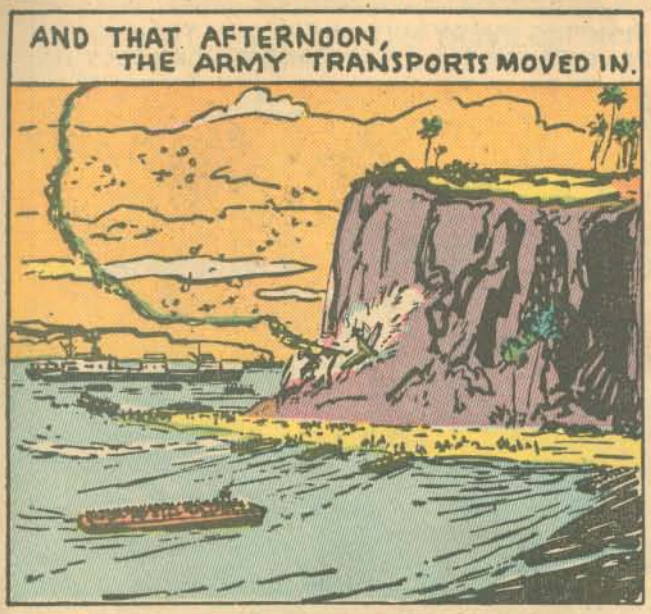
FIGHTING EVERY MILE OF THE WAY, THE MARINES REACHED THE JUNGLES BEHIND VIRU ON JULY 1ST.
GET SET BOYS .. .. .. TIME TO GO!!

BANZAI! BANZAI!
BULL'S-EYE! BULL'S-EYE!

I COUNT 12 MACHINE-GUN NESTS - WITH SNIPERS COVERING THEM! THIS LOOKS TOUGH!!

THE PROBLEM WAS SOLVED BY A MARINE DEMOLITION SQUAD.. .. ..VIOLENTLY!!
THOSE T-N-T GUYS ARE SURE GREAT! COME ON BOYS, IT'S OUR TURN!

WITH VIRU VILLAGE WON. DIVE-BOMBERS SMASH THE JAP'S SHORE BATTERIES!!


AND THAT AFTERNOON, THE ARMY TRANSPORTS MOVED IN.

NEXT MORNING
LOOK! SOME JAPS ARE STILL LEFT!
THEY'RE JUMPING! IT'S A 150 FOOT DROP!!

gritter.

KINDA SYMBOLICAL, HEY? ALL THE NIPS'LL BE JUMPING OFF LIKE THAT SOME DAY!!
CRAZY CRITTERS!
"THE END"

Preview shots from the new action-packed motion picture

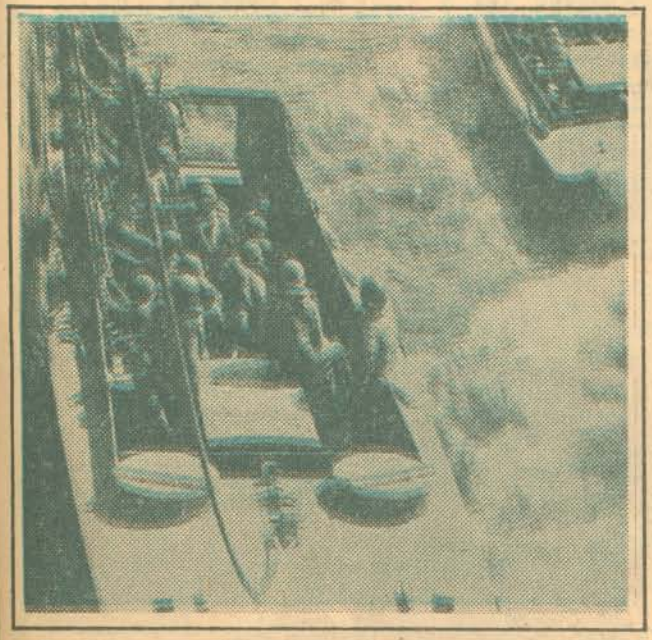
'GUADALCANAL DIARY'

RECENTLY completed and to be released this Fall is the 20th Century-Fox Production of Richard Tregaskis' best seller GUADALCANAL DIARY.

Tregaskis, a Foreign Correspondent for the International News Service, accompanied the U. S. Marines on their long trek across the Pacific to the Solomon Islands. He landed with them when they established a beach-head on Guadalcanal and he remained with them during the bitter and bloody months of fighting with the Japs.

In filming the book it was necessary to keep the picture as realistic and authentic as possible. From the scenes on this and the following pages, it is apparent that this purpose has been achieved.

William Bendix as *Taxi Potts* plays a leading role as a sentimental Leatherneck from Brooklyn.



Swiftly scrambling into the invasion barges, the U. S. Marines prepare to attack Guadalcanal Island.

The Leathernecks catch the Japs by surprise, as is evidenced by the half-finished meals and warm cooking vessels. Lloyd Nolan, as *Gunner O'Hara*, samples a bit of Nipponese food.

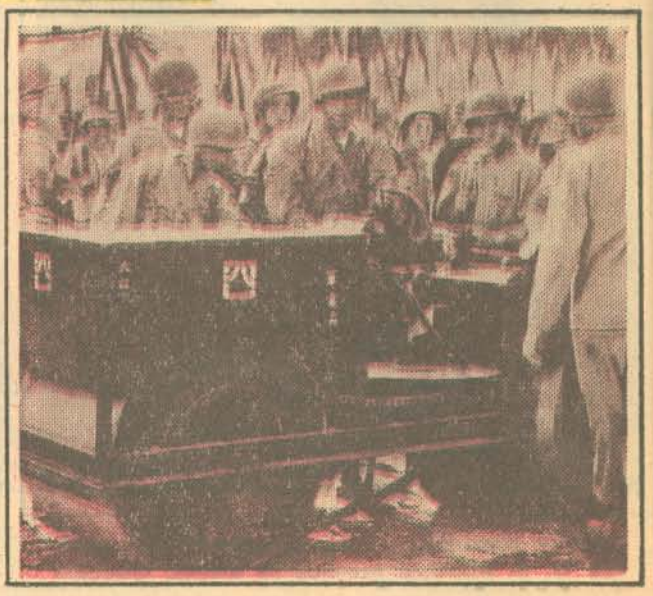
At the Matanikau River, the Leathernecks are greeted with a withering rain of fire from the Japs.

In the bloody battle of the Tenaru River, the Marines employ their tanks to good advantage in crowding the Japs into the sea.

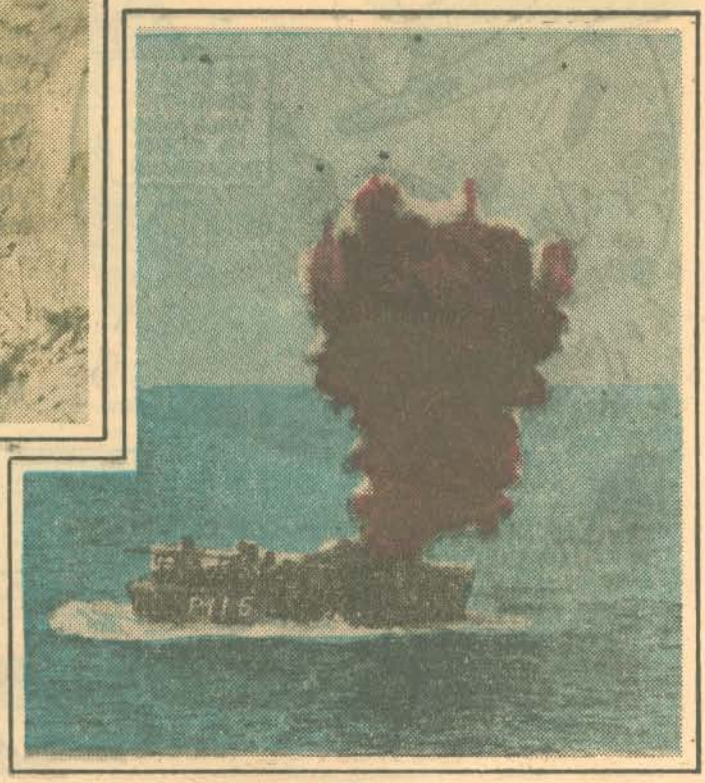
Preston Foster portrays the staunch *Father Donnelly*, a Catholic priest attached to the U. S. Marine Corps.

Lionel Stander's role as chef is a tasty one. Note the improvised stove—compare this shot with the one on page 37.

The Leathernecks examine a captured piece of Japanese machinery used in building the airfield at Guadalcanal.



The Japs, hidden in caves, are blasted out by the intrepid Marines. Here's a Leatherneck tossing the Nips a package of dynamite.



A Jap submarine opens fire with its deck gun and scores a direct hit on a group of Marines in a Higgins landing boat.

Pvt. Johnny Anderson, played by Richard Jaeckel, though obviously under age to be a Marine, nevertheless lives up to every meaning of the name Leatherneck.

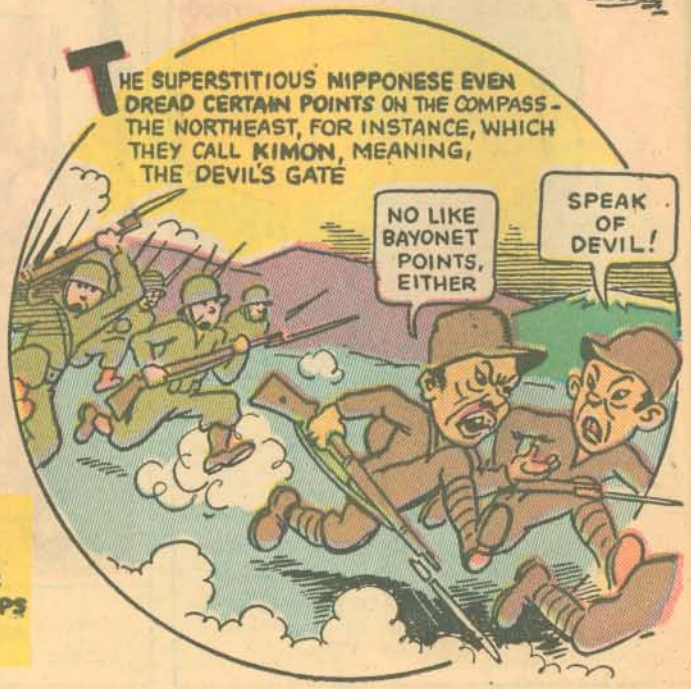
Johnny and *Taxi* raise a small American flag—symbolical of the U. S. Marines having the situation well in hand!

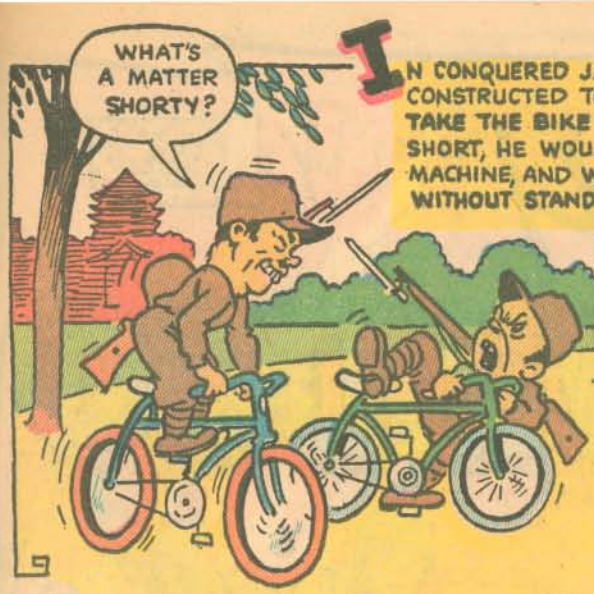
THE SLAP-HAPPY JAPS

THE JAPS ARE SO USED TO MANUFACTURING JUNK THAT EVEN IN THE IMPORTANT ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR THEY DROPPED QUITE A NUMBER OF ERSATZ BOMBS — MANY OF WHICH FAILED TO EXPLODE. THESE BOMBS WERE OLD ARTILLERY SHELLS TO WHICH PLYWOOD VANES HAD BEEN WIRED, AND THE POWDER IN THEM WAS MADE IN 1902!

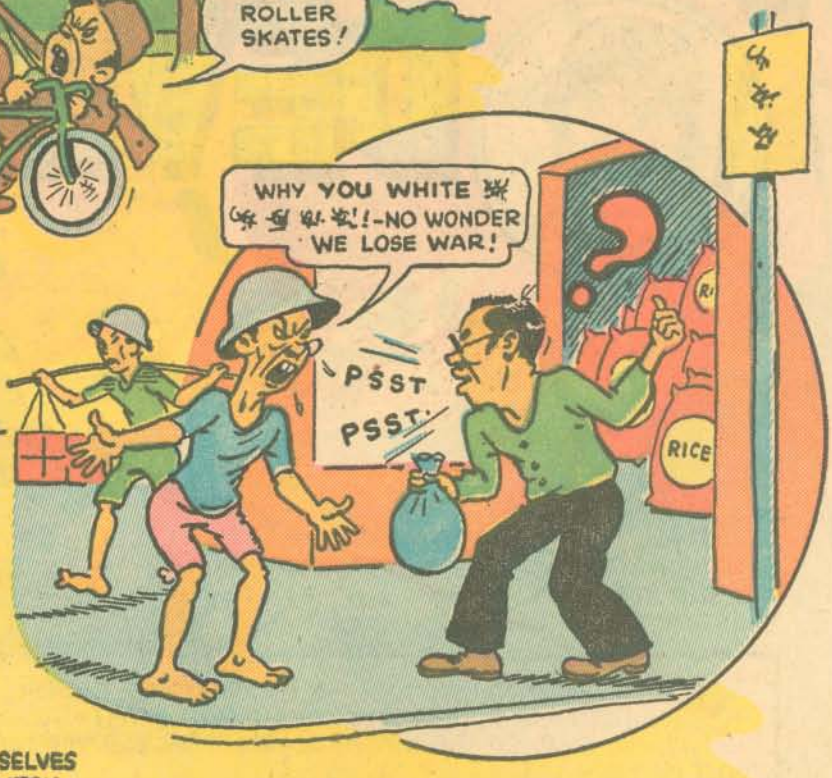
MARINES IN THE SOLOMONS FOUND JAP QUICK AT PICKING UP ENGLISH. HOWEVER, A JAP CANNOT PRONOUNCE THE LETTER, L. HE PRONOUNCES IT R. SAYS "HERRO, FOR "HELLO." CONSEQUENTLY, MARINES USE WORDS LIKE "LALLAPALOOZA" AND "WALLA WALLA" FOR PASS-WORDS

JAPS ARE VERY SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT CATS— AND THEY DON'T HAVE TO BE BLACK CATS. IN JAPAN, IF A TOWEL IS MISSING, THE OWNER THINKS THAT A CAT TOOK IT: BECAUSE THE NIPS BELIEVE THAT CATS WIND TOWELS AROUND THEIR HEADS AND DANCE!





IN CONQUERED JAVA, WHEN A JAP SOLDIER'S BICYCLE (SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TO FIT HIS STUBBY LEGS) BROKE DOWN, HE WOULD TAKE THE BIKE OF A LOCAL CITIZEN. BECAUSE HIS LEGS WERE SO SHORT, HE WOULD HAVE TROUBLE EVEN GETTING ON THE STOLEN MACHINE, AND WHEN HE DID GET ON, HE COULDN'T REACH THE PEDALS WITHOUT STANDING UP AND SEE-SAWING FROM ONE SIDE TO THE OTHER AS HE PUMPED



WHAT AMERICANS CALL "BLACK MARKET," THE JAPS CALL "THE WHITE MARKET." OH, YES, THE NIPS HAVE TRAITORS TOO!

JAPS OFTEN DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS NATIVES OF THE COUNTRY IN WHICH THEY ARE FIGHTING, BUT THEY RARELY FOOL ANYBODY

JAPS WORRY ABOUT STATEMENT OF GENERAL "HAP" ARNOLD, CHIEF OF THE U.S. AIR FORCES. SAID ARNOLD: "I HAVE A DATE IN BERLIN NEXT APRIL 1ST - AND SIX MONTHS AFTER, IN TOKYO!

RAY McGILL

Johnny DEVILDOG

by MART BAILEY

JOHNNY DEVILDOG USED TO BE THE KID AROUND THE CORNER. NOW HE'S A FIRST CLASS FIGHTING MAN IN THE WORLD'S FIGHTINGEST OUTFIT—*THE UNITED STATES MARINES.* ...JOHNNY SMASHED THE JAPS AT GUADALCANAL AND VIRU; HE CHASED THE JAPANESE OUT OF NEW GEORGIA.

SOME DAY SOON HE'LL MARCH DOWN THE STREETS OF TOKIO, AND HE'LL BE GRINNING LIKE A KID THROUGH THE BATTLE GRIME.... *JOHNNY DEVILDOG?*.... HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CALLED *JOHNNY AMERICAN*....

FOUR HOURS BEFORE DAWN... SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES NORTH OF A JAPANESE ISLAND, A UNITED STATES FLAT TOP SENDS ITS FIGHTERS INTO THE WINTRY SKY....

WISH WE WAS GOIN' ON THE SECOND GLIDER — SO WE COULD SEE IF THIS CRATE TAKES OFF!
YOU'LL SEE.!
IF I'M CROWDING YOU GUYS, I'LL GLADLY GET OUT!
WE'RE OFF TO THE RACES.!
THE NIGHT AIR IS FILLED WITH THE ROAR OF POWERFUL 'PLANES ----
HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER? WE AIN'T TAKING OFF!
RELAX! JUST IMAGINE YOU'RE ON THE SUBWAY—
THIS AIN'T LIKE THE SUBWAY.!
PRAISE BE! THEY GOT OFF.!
HEAVEN HELP THEM — THE WORST IS YET TO COME.!
2

ANOTHER TROOP CARRYING GLIDER RISES FROM THE FLAT TOP A FEW MOMENTS LATER—AND TOGETHER THE FIGHTER ESCORT AND THE GLIDERS WING AWAY FOR A SURPRIZE RENDEZVOUS WITH THE ENEMY....
THINK WE'LL GET AWAY WITH THIS STUNT, JOHNNY?
SURE—IF THE SUBMARINE IS ON TIME TO TAKE US OFF THE ISLAND!
SUDDENLY, TWO JAPANESE SCOUT PLANES BLUNDER THROUGH THE CLOUDS AMONG THE AMERICAN ARMADA....
HEY! WHAT'S UP—?
JAP PLANES ATTACKING!
THE JAPS PICK EASY TARGETS—THE GLIDERS!
THE CORSAIR ESCORT WHIRLS TO THE ATTACK
...A BURNING JAP CRASHES INTO ONE OF THE GLIDERS....
3

THE POOR GUYS DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!
WATCH OUT.!

THE OTHER JAP IS GUNNING FOR US!

GET THE SUN-RISER, JOHNNY —

GOT HIM!

THAT FINISHES THE NIPS —HOPE THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO WARN THEIR BASE WE'RE HEADED THAT WAY!

AN HOUR LATER...THE GLIDER RELEASES THE TOW CABLE.
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, LEATHERNECKS, —GOOD LUCK!
WE'LL BE NEEDING IT.!

ON SILENT WINGS THE GLIDER SAILS THROUGH THE DARK SKY TOWARDS ITS OBJECTIVE....

BUT AS THE GLIDER PASSES OVER—THE ISLAND BRISTLES WITH ACK-ACK FIRE!

THEN — A DIRECT HIT!

THE LEFT WING IS GONE.!
BETTER HIT THE SILK, FELLOWS.!

HURRY, YOU GUYS! THIS AIN'T NO BOX KITE.!
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, SLUGGER—YOU'LL GET DOWN EVEN IF YOU DON'T JUMP!

HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LOW FOR THE 'CHUTES—THE GROUND IS COMING UP FAST.!

WHEW.! I THOUGHT THE UMBRELLA WOULD NEVER OPEN.!
SEARCHLIGHTS!

SLUGGER!
JOHNNY! THEY GOT MY CHUTE!

A HANDFUL OF MARINES — BUT THEY SURGE ACROSS THE AIRFIELD IN A WAVE OF DESTRUCTION, FIRING OIL TANKS, MUNITIONS DUMPS, PLANES, HANGARS, BARRACKS ... WORKING AND FIGHTING WITH SPLIT-SECOND EFFICIENCY....

THIS WAY, SLUGGER —THAT LOOKS LIKE THE JAP OFFICERS' QUARTERS.!

HOLY SMOKE! THE JACK POT! A GENERAL!

WE'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU ALIVE —BUT WE'RE NOT PARTICULAR.!

LOOK OUT, JOHNNY.!

TOO SLOW, TOJO.!

STEP ON IT— WE'RE THE LAST ONES HERE — THE OTHER FELLOWS HAVE WITHDRAWN!

HI, FELLOWS! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SUBMARINE THAT'S SUPPOSED TO TAKE US BACK!
DON'T KNOW—BUT IF IT DOESN'T COME SOON, WE'LL BE TRAPPED BY JAP REINFORCEMENTS

WE'RE OFF FOR HOME —THERE'S THE SUB!
AND THE SUBWAY NEVER LOOKED PRETTIER.!

Super Stamp Outfit
BIG 10-UNIT KIT

FREE
with this offer

Including Stamp Album..Stamp Packets
Great Magnifying Glass..Stamp Supplies
You Get All These FREE With This Offer

Actual Size of Magnifier Almost ½ Foot in Circumference

MAGNIFIER

NO "APPROVALS" TO BUY!

Whether you are a stamp collector or not, here is an opportunity to get FREE such astonisbing merchandise that it seems almost unbelievable. You receive ABSOLUTELY FREE all kinds of choice stamps and stamp materials . . . a collection of wonderful supplies which you will spend many days and weeks enjoying . and many years of delightful possession. All these are yours FREE & CLEAR by accepting our offer on the wonderbook of adventures and treasures, "Fabulous Stamps" Remember, these wonderful stamps and album and magnifying glass and other supplies are yours to keep and enjoy . . . You don't have to buy any "approvals" . . . You don't have to be an "approval applicant" . . . All these stamps and merchandise are yours WITHOUT A PENNY COST.

One of the FREE items in this Big 10-UNIT Collection is the extraordinary, picture-packed Album shown above. It contains thousands—yes, THOUSANDS—of illustrations of stamps . . appearing under HUNDREDS of different countries . . . and additional spaces for thousands of other stamps from all over the world . . Also explains in simple language and pictures how to start your stamp collection . . . We are also sending you FREE all kinds of valuable stamps so you can start at once putting them into this wonderful, big Album.

YOU GET ALL THESE FREE

1. A Great Magnifying Glass. Strong Lens. Optically Ground & Polished. Neatly mounted in sturdy frame with handle
2. Wonder Packet of Odd & Queer Stamps, including Triangle Diamond, Giant, and Midget. No duplicates.
3. Super Packet of Air Mail Stamps, including U. S. & Foreign. No duplicates.
4. Magnificent Packet of Different Commemorative Stamps. No duplicates.
5. Picturesque Packet of Different Animal Stamps. No duplicates.
6. Colorful Packet of Assorted Stamps from all over the World. No duplicates.
7. Perforation Gauge with Millimeter Scale and Rule.
8. Packet of Fine Peelable Stamp Hinges for attaching Stamps to Album Pages.
9. Watermark Detector for Stamps, with directions for use.
10. Big, picture-packed Album, including thousands of stamp illustrations, etc.

HERE ARE FORTUNES IN STAMPS

This great book, FABULOUS STAMPS, tells astounding stories, and gives information which may lead you to a fortune. It gives the complete histories of marvelous stamps, and is full of pictures. You will gasp with astonishment at some of these tales about rare stamps . . . how people have made fortunes out of different stamps . . You simply must see this great book . Only a person like John W. Nicklin, the well-known stamp dealer and author, with his lifetime knowledge, could have written these exciting, fortune-making stories. No wonder his writings have been bought by thousands of collectors all over the world . . Whether you are young or old, whether you are a stamp collector or not, doesn't matter. These true adventures of discovered treasures will give you knowledge to make you the envy of your friends . and they suggest how you too, like so many others, might make your fortune in discovering valuable stamps. So don't delay, send for it today.

BIG FREE OFFER

EXAMINE IT FREE This great wonderbook, Nicklin's FABULOUS STAMPS, is offered to you now for only $1.98 plus postage, a substantial reduction from its former price. We will include ABSOLUTELY FREE with your order ALL THE STAMPS & MERCHANDISE described above. You are sure to be 100% thrilled and delighted, but if you're not you may return them for full refund within five days. But you must ACT AT ONCE, because the difficulty in getting all these materials may soon force us to withdraw this SUPER FREE OFFER. Send no money. RUSH COUPON TODAY

METRO PUBLICATIONS, 50 WEST 17th ST., NEW YORK

ORDER WHILE SUPPLY LASTS

SEND NO MONEY

METRO PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 412 - N
50 West 17th Street, New York 11, N.Y.

Send me a copy of FABULOUS STAMPS . . also include my FREE Super Stamp Outfit which consists of the 10-Unit Collection—Stamp Album . . Stamp Packets . . Magnifying Glass and Stamp Supplies. I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied I may return them within five days for full refund

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

☐ Check here if you are enclosing $1.98, thus saving mailing costs (same refund guarantee).
Canadian orders, $2.50 in advance.

WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN

Safe Harmless!

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it's painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

Boys! Be the First one in Your Neighborhood to own a "KRAK-A-JAP"

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free telescope arrive, just pay the postman $1.98 plus a few pennies postage and C. O. D. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon

Send no money To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 1710
500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for $1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE.....

Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope C. O. D. I will pay the postman $1.98 plus postage and C. O. D. charges.

☐ Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of $3.79 (a saving of 17c).